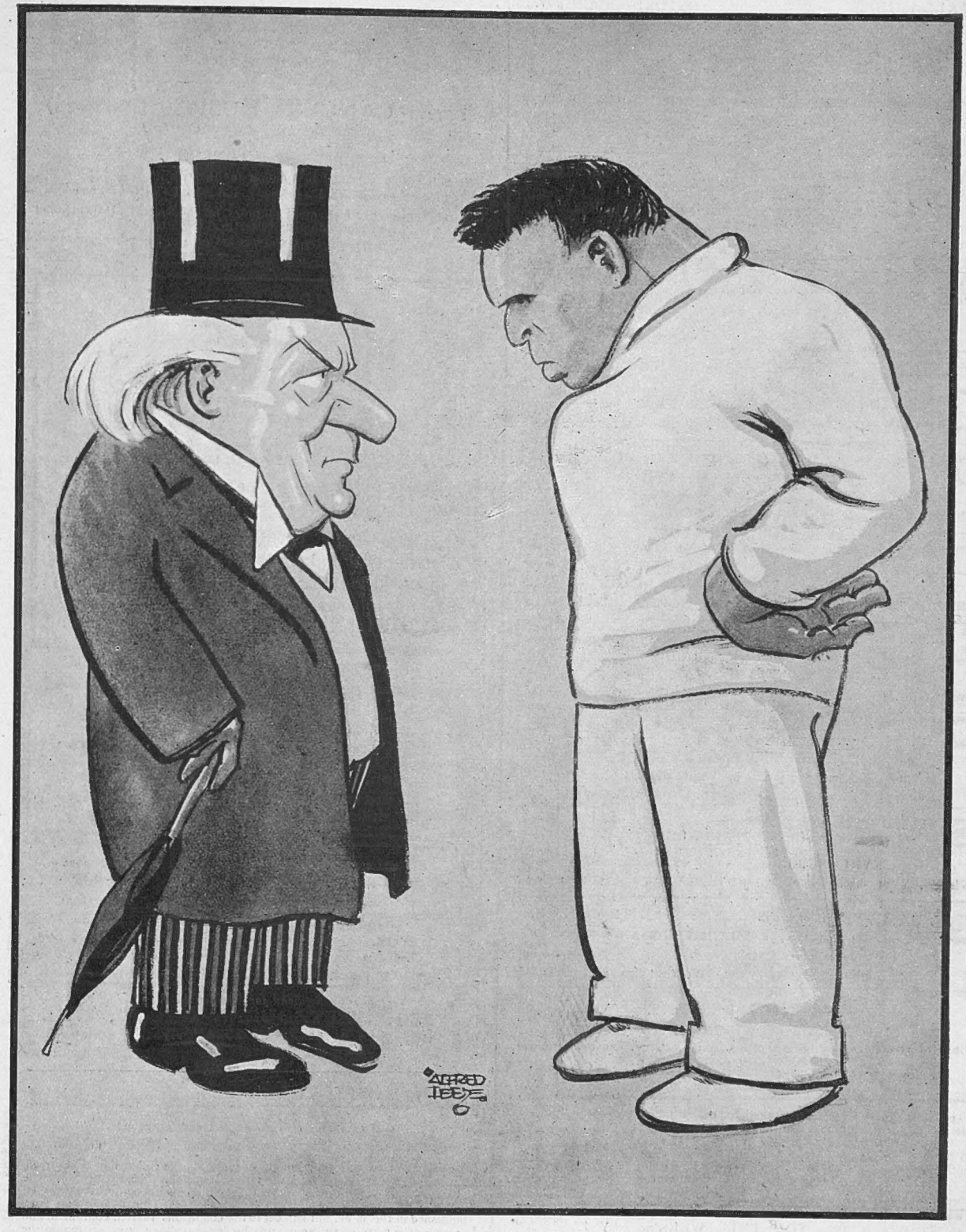
The Bystander, February 4, 1920 No. 844. Vol. LXV.

The BYSTANDER



"SHALL WE COME BACK?"

THE PUGILIST: "A Frenchman knocked me out before I was ready!"

THE POLITICIAN: "Ah, yes, you have my sympathy. A Welshman knocked *me* out, and I don't think I was quite ready."

BY ALFRED LEETE

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH NEITHER!" By Alfred Leete

Names and Husbands

So the Duchess of Westminster has entered again into matrimony, and everybody is asking whether she will still use her ducal title or take her husband's name. If she chooses to be known as the Duchess of Westminster she has a legal precedent. The late Earl Cowley brought an action against his first wife to restrain her from using the title of Countess Cowley when she re-married after having divorced him. But the Courts upheld her right to the name. Lady Cowley's plea was that she was the mother of the heir to the title, but in the case of the Duchess this plea would not hold, since the only son of her marriage with the Duke died.

As Custom Wills

It is an odd custom, this, of women who marry men with titles clinging on to the names of dead or divorced husbands after marrying again. In the case of a widow it is more understandable, although not without a strong suspicion of snobbery.

There are some exceptions to the custom, however. Lady Wilmer Lawson reverted to her maiden name before that of her second husband when she married him as the widowed Countess of Lathom; the first wife of the Earl of Rosslyn became Mrs. Jarrott on her second marriage; and Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, became Lady Millicent Hawke on her third marriage, although she had carried her ducal title throughout her second marriage.

A Curious Case

But the most curious case is that of Lady Randolph Churchill. During her marriage to Mr. George Cornwallis-West she bore his name, but immediately after she had divorced him she reverted to the use of her first husband's name, which she still uses, although she is now married to a Mr. Porch. In the marriage license, I believe it was stated that she bore the name of Lady Randolph Churchill by deed poll. As a matter of legal fact, you can call yourself anything you like in England by deed poll.

Is It Possible—

I have an uneasy feeling that the next vagary of fashion will be the crinoline. One reason for my fear is the way women are protesting against the possibility. I believe they are afraid themselves. Of course, modern conditions make the great steel roundabouts of the 'fifties and 'sixties of the last century an impossibility—one journey by Tube or 'bus would make a nasty hole in the dress allowance of any woman who attempted it.

—That Crinolines—

But something of the crinoline nature is already creeping into women's evening-gowns. I took a girl down to dinner the other night who obviously had three rings of wire round the top of her skirt. She admitted them, but was indignant at the suggestion that she was a pioneer of the crinoline. Three rings of wire round the top will soon extend to rings all down the length of the skirt, and from this the crinoline is the easiest step.

—Are Returning?

For the life of me I don't see how women can wear the things except in the evening, and I believe that before many months are out we males will find ourselves sitting at parties and at theatres amongst billows of flounces and laces surging around lovely woman. There's only about one woman in a thousand who would have the courage to go "flat" when other women are going about trying to look like animated peg-tops.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Quite the Latest

I WAS taken to a lecture on Friday which still leaves me gasping. It was called "Temperamental Affinities and Their Relation to Married Happiness." I had heard so much about the lecturer, who is quite one of the latest sensations amongst the people who are being "psychic" and "spiritualistic," that I went out of sheer curiosity. Most of the audience were women with a fondness for expensive furs. I can't tell you all the lecturer said, because when I was young I was taught that to bore people is a near relation to picking their pockets. But the gist of the whole thing was that every person is a positive or a negative, and that if Mr. Positive weds Miss Positive they can both look out for a peck of trouble. And the same with the Negatives. Of course, it is the old "sturdy oak and clinging ivy" theory, and we all know the bumps that often happen when two "sturdy oak" people get mated, and the crashes that sometimes befall when one "clinging ivy" clings to another "clinging ivy."

Photograph *Compton Collier*

MRS. J. FITZPATRICK LEWIS

Formerly the Duchess of Westminster, at her home, Newlands Manor, near Lymington. She was recently married to Mr. J. Fitzpatrick Lewis, whom she met during the War at her hospital at Le Touquet

"Temperamental Affinity"

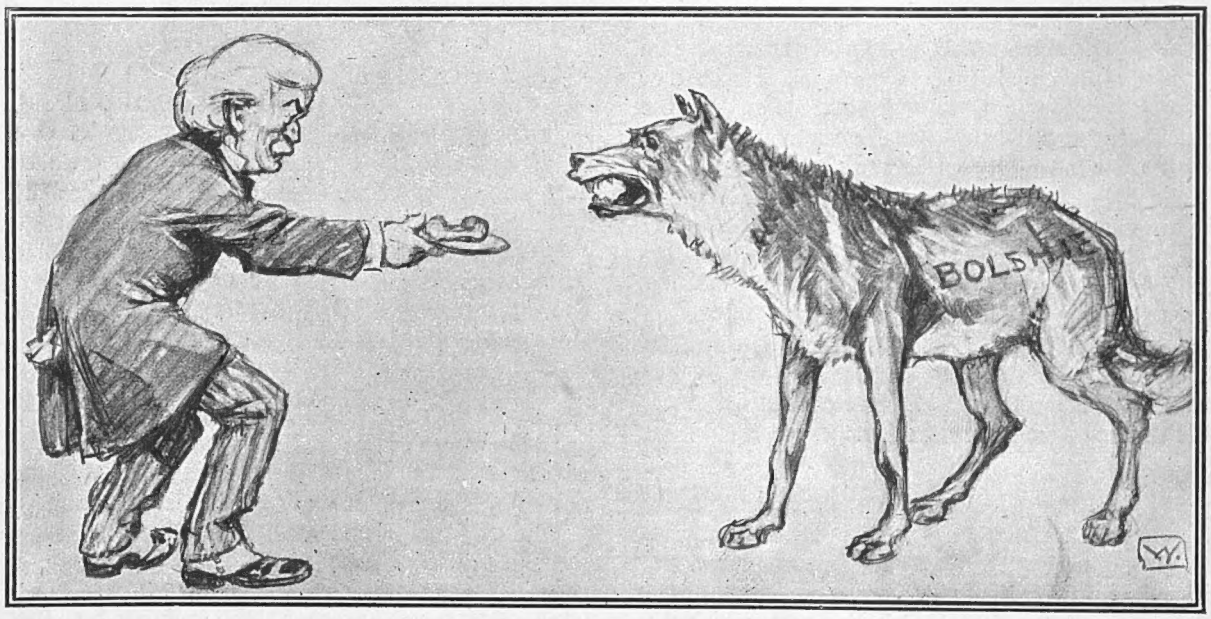
THE lecturer's point, however, was that these bumps and crashes can be avoided. It is simplicity itself. Before you propose you go to the lecturer with a letter, a glove or what-not belonging to the lady of your choice. By placing the article upon her brow the lecturer can tell you—at least, she said she could—the "temperamental affinity" of the adored one. The same procedure is open to a lady who has received a proposal of marriage.

As you can also have your own "temperamental affinity" told at the same time, for ten-and-sixpence extra, the expenditure of one guinea and a half may save you from years of marital misery "with a nature not sufficiently opposed in affinity to your own"—according to the lecturer and the silly geese who gobble down all this nonsense.

Bill Gawber Orates

"SEEMS ter me, Clarence," remarked Bill Gawber, as he pocketed my matches, "that this 'eer Underground wheeze is a sign o' the times. See wot

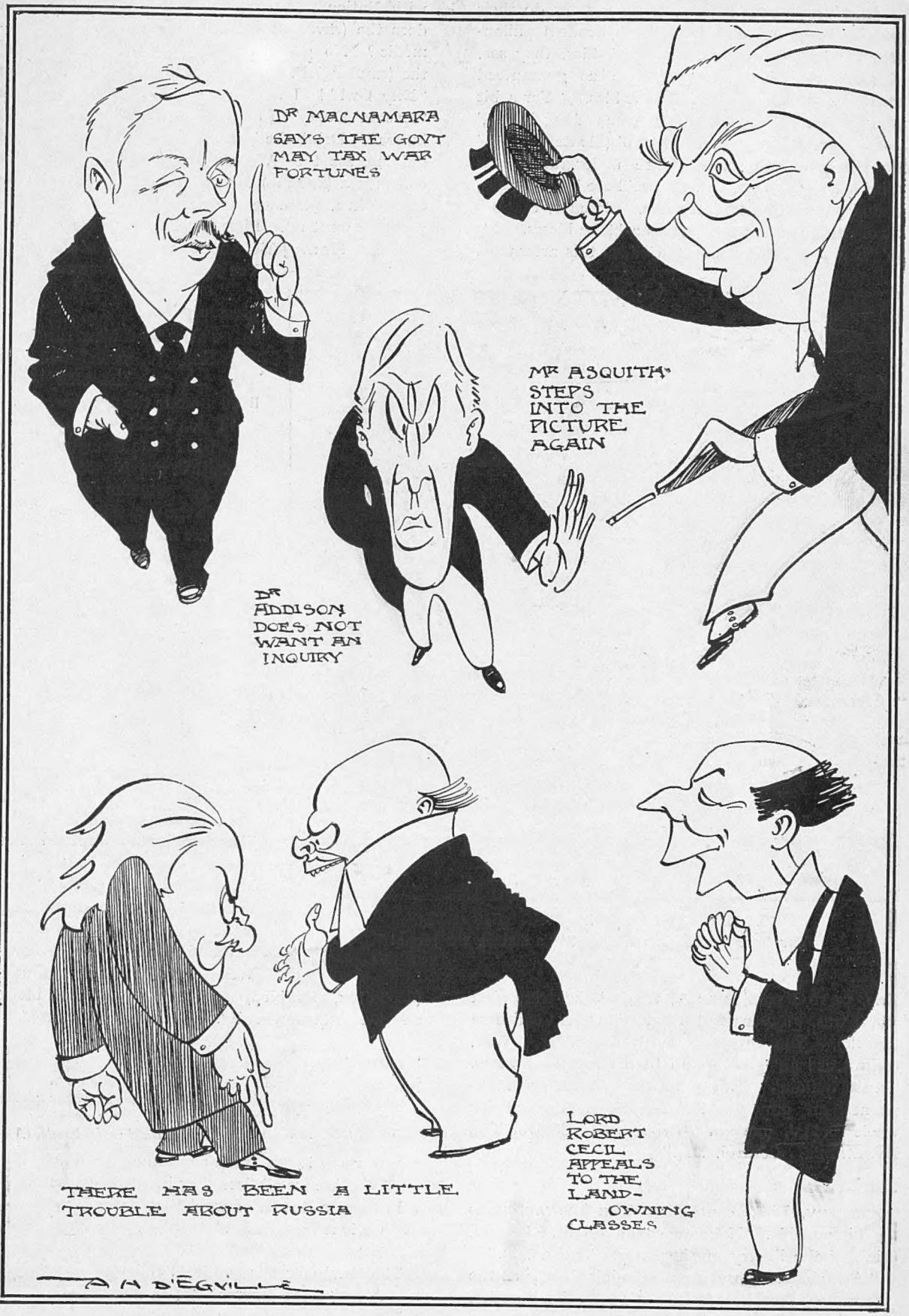
(Continued on page 282)



"ALL DONE BY KINDNESS, GENTLEMEN"

By W. E. Wigfull

Political Personalities in Caricature



IMPRESSIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WESTMINSTER

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

I mean? They 'as a go at London traffic; it don't pye; wot do they do? the (pink) directors, I mean, as allus uses Royce-Rollses, so as not ter do their (purple) buses out o' a fare, the (corroded) philanthropists. They ups and sez ter Geddes, they sez, 'Control us,' they sez, 'an' give us guaranteed profits,' they sez. 'Ow!' sez Geddes. 'Yer a bit late,' 'e sez. 'Why didn't yer come along in '14,' Geddes sez, 'e bein' a logical sort o' (bloater). 'Ar,' sez the (pink) directors. 'The underground was pyin' then,' they sez. 'Well, we'll see,' sez Geddes, as don't want to seem 'arsh like. Clarence, that's a bit of orlright, ain't it? Gives a bloke ideers. Me an' 'Erb is a goin' along ter Geddes this arternoon.

PULLING THE WOOL OVER HIS EYES

THE TRIO: "That's the chap that's making the profit!"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

Eric, we're a goin' ter sye, the buildin' tride ain't wot it was. Never mind why it ain't, yer Coalishern (reptile). Yer a (flocculent) Controller. Well, control us! an' give me an 'Erb guaranteed wiges. Control buildin'. Control button 'ooks, an' grammerphones, an' grey powders fer dorgs. Control the whole boilin', me an' 'Erb'll sye. Control THE BYSTANDER. Control. . . ."

Flu

"STEADY, Bill; controlling THE BYSTANDER is impossible. Nobody could do it. Besides, think of the liberty of the Press. Think. . . ."

"Ar, 'old yer (gory) row. It ain't liberty as the (saccharine) Press goes in for; it's more like liberties. The things as yer puts into my mouth every week'd give Ananias 'eartburn. I tell yer the Press gives me the sick. We tikes too much notice o' yer (imaginative) coves. Allus a scarin' an' scarin' us with National Parties, an' flu epimedics. An' wot does the (ravaged) Press do when there *is* an epimedic? No good! Larst time, I did everythin' the (smoking) Press said. Syringe yer nose, sez the 'Dily Owl'! I syringed it. Keep warm, sez the 'Evenin' Dope.' I did, an' sweated like a (crimson) bullock. Drink the 'ealth o' Pussyfoot in anomiated quinine, sez the 'Weekly Mugwump.' Cripes! it corst me a (flaming) fortune in beer ter git the tiste out. Then, Clarence, I went down. An' me temperature went up. First rise I'd 'ad fer years. An' yer come ter me jorin' about the liberty o' the Press. Yer (toad). Yer (vermin)."

Skyscrapers

"IT'S not the fault of the Press, Bill. It means well. If only you took the pledge, and lived more in the open air. . . ."

"I don't 'old with the open air. See? Too draughty. Put yer faith in Providence, I sez, an' keep yer winders nailed up. Though the wye things is goin' in these 'ere modern times, it won't make any differ wot pore workin' men like me thinks. This litest wheeze o' Sir Martin Conway f'r 'instance, the blighter as wants ter build the Ole Kent Road forty storeys 'igh. Well, I ain't pig-'eaded. I got nuffin' agin' 'im. Ony I 'as two remarks ter mike. Ain't it a goin' ter blow up there, sime as in a (molten) airypline? Won't this 'ere fresh air as yer gassin' abaht come a creepin' in familiar like where it ain't wanted? An' 'e don't sye nothin' abaht lifts. Meanin' as the pore workin' man'll 'ave ter go down forty flights o' steps ter 'ave a wash in the backyard. Will 'e do it? Well . . . I arsks yer, yer (decorated, scarified) reptile? Not this bloke, any'ow. Bill Gawber'll 'ave 'isself scriped first.'

"Yarns"

[*In the opinion of traders engaged in the woollen and worsted industries, the drawing up of the Report on yarns and the efforts to rush it into print . . . . is a conspiracy of Socialists,*—SUNDAY TIMES *Bradford correspondent.*]

WHAT is the Truth concerning Yarns?
Are we all fleeced or just wool-gathering?
Is there a dearth of wool that darns?
Or is it Socialistic blathering?

The Bradbury fills Bradford full—
A fact from different angles boosted—
But is the man who works the wool
Or he, who buys and wears it, worsted? J.M.B.

A Trifle Démodées; or, The Critics of Fashion

MLLE. GEORGE: "Imagine it! A 'Paisley shawl' at this time of day! Why, they went out years ago!"

MISS ASQUITH: "*Some* people don't know when they are out of date! Nobody in my set would dream of wearing one of those barbed-wire atrocities!"

BY E. T. REED

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *February* 2, 1920

DEAR COUSIN—

I'VE seen a "shye primerose"—several—and I know that spring is coming, and—but it's *fatal*, isn't it, to talk about it? For that way, surest of all, comes snow and other winter horrors.

卐 卐

IN the little green soft bays the English Channel kisses gently the sandy shore, and even the mighty Atlantic rollers roll like the merest baby waves along the Cornish coast. And in the deep-bosomed valleys luminous tiny green leaves sparkle like emeralds, while a little inland are fields of daffodils and violets that take your breath away with their grace and glory, and make you think, all at the same time, "of Tyre and Sidon, of the Song of Solomon, of Faustine and Félise, and the Garden of Proserpine, and of Flecker's Golden Journey to Samarkand—

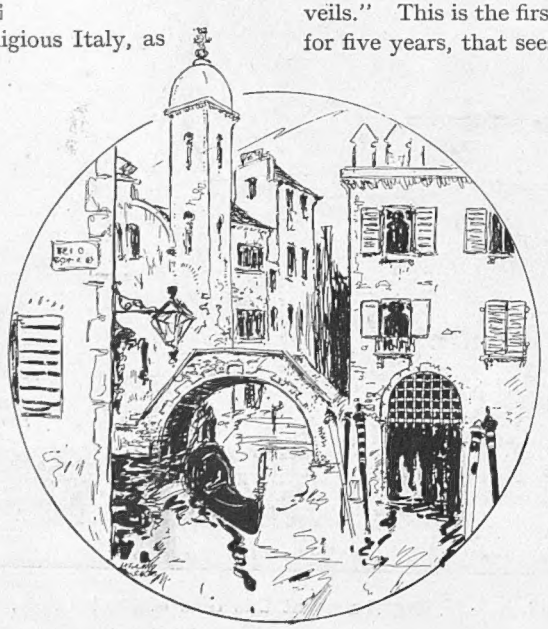
Thy dawn, O Master of the World, thy dawn,
The hour the lilies open on the lawn,
The hour the grey wings pass beyond the mountains,
The hour of silence when we hear the fountains,
The hour that dreams are brighter and winds colder,
The hour that young love wakes on a white shoulder,
O Master of the World, thy dawn!

卐 卐

AND now that there's no more war—or not very much—and you *can* get passports (with time, tact, patience, and any other of the humbler virtues), it's very, very good, of course, in Italy now. Spring comes early up that way, and in that rather sordid land (where only Nature and what the dead have done is lovely) one can, I think, more than anywhere else in the world, be piercingly happy—even if you're not in love.

卐 卐

IN this once proud and prodigious Italy, as someone's said, laved in the concrete evidence of human nature's striving after beauty down the ages—in Italy one's senses become one's soul, and one's soul one's senses, and the weary old battle between them ceases to be. . . . *Concierges* may raucously spit, sacristans sniffle, *custodi* continuously chatter, the greedy populace do you down at every turn; but the beauty of Palermo in spring, of Venice as the days lengthen, of Imperial Rome and ducal Florence, of Siena enthroned among the olive-clad Tuscan hills, clears this life's smaller evils from even



"Venice as the days lengthen."

"You can get passports with time, tact, and patience"

the most captious mind. It's *so* wonderful to see, ascending from or descending upon all those ancient splendours, a greater splendour than them all—

Youth, the wonder of the world,
Open-eyed at an open door,
When the world is as honey in the flower, and as wine
To the heart, and as music newly begun! . . .

卐 卐

JUST at the moment, here in England now, life's a little dull—but for a few small crime-waves and things. Settling down is seldom an exciting business, and the morning after even the most hectic night before is a disillusioning period. Parliament meeting next week will, perhaps, provide some excitement. There's to be, anyway, the proper democratic touch at the opening, when, by decree of the Lord Great Chamberlain, peeresses will wear "dresses with low necks but without feathers and veils." This is the first Royal Opening of Parliament for five years, that sees us friends with all the world. You *did* know the Hun was your brother—and your sister—again now, didn't you?

卐 卐

SUCH a quality of flabbiness, in fact, has infested the opening days and weeks of our first proper pukkah peace year that we've even sunk to "silly season" stunts in the newspapers. "Are Men Cleverer Than Women?" was one of 'em, and we've also given that hoary chestnut, "Should Marriages be Arranged?" another run round. *Such* nonsense, I always think, don't you, these fearf'ly pure chats on the relations, etc., of the sexes? As if man hasn't

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

always been equal to woman and woman to man—only not in the same direction, so to speak.

卐 卐

POOR Jack London, I think it was, who defined perhaps better than all the psychologists this eternal duologue which is that subtle game called life, when he thought that "the story of man is the story of the love of woman. There is no escaping her . . . spite of her earth-bound feet and her eyes that have never seen the stars."

卐 卐

AND this romanticist, anyway, was not ashamed to put into words what most of the "right" men *think*—but don't think it's good for us to say so!

I have concluded that the greatest thing in life, in all lives, to me and to all men, has been woman, is woman, and will be woman. Greater than our toil and endeavour, the play of invention and fancy, battle and star-gazing and mystery—greatest of all has been woman . . . woman for whose arms man has such need that clasped in them he has forgotten the stars. . . .

"The Hun is your brother again"

卐 卐

WHICH is just why I can't think what makes them ever quarrel with or decry each other—when the human need of one another is the power that moves the world. All the futures of all the worlds lie in the joined hands of man and woman, and if there *is* any bias as to which is most important anywhere—well, the scales certainly don't go down on the man's side. Woman *can*, perhaps, do without man—at a pinch! But from the very first moment he's even *thought* of, until his eyes close on this vale of smiles and tears, can anyone say that man can do without woman?

卐 卐

ONE of the reasons, you know, why one rather wishes woman would buck up and educate herself a bit—she's wildly ignorant in inverse ratio to her stupendous importance in the scheme of things. Look only once around here in England now, and watch the awful mental vacuity of those who do not read or think, as the future and present mothers of our Imperial race drown in a debauch of jumper-knitting!

卐 卐

ALWAYS *have* thought these sort of monkey tricks softened the brain, and since the jumper craze broke out I *know* it. Take the physical result alone—which is like nothing so much as a world of woolly (and shapeless—or else too shapely) maggots. And as for the mental—I guess my bath sponge gets busier on the grey matter stunt than does the average jumper-drunk female!

"I find these artistic adventures interesting"

卐 卐

TALKING of the less brain-fagging occupations, what with an Augustus John show in Bond Street and an Epstein *épatement* in Leicester Square, seems we're to get our artistic sensations all right this month, anyway. And there's now a permanent exhibition in London, you know, of those sometimes a little startling pictures painted by those bold revolutionaries who aspire to get on canvas not what you or even they see, but what they *feel*.

卐 卐

THE new, very new, men whose works—or should one call them "efforts"?—compose the first show include Bevan, Fergusson, Gnevara, Atkinson, Duncan Grant, and Gerter. And I would advise you to observe them if not with an open mind, anyway a closed mouth. For the crank of the day is the leader of to-morrow, and, after all, some of us, once, even thought Mr. John a bit advanced, didn't we?

卐 卐

ALL the same, it's a rather heady brew, this show of the newer "ists," and I'd advise the aforesaid jumperites to give it a wide berth—if they hope to retain some remnant of what is left of their muzzy brains. Personally, I confess I find these artistic adventurers extraordinarily interesting, even though they do seem to take a slightly jaundiced view of "this world of immortal souls touched by love or beauty to eternal ends."

卐 卐

I MEAN—well, rather courageous and amusing, isn't it, even to *try* to get on to two square feet of canvas all the marvel and the mystery of life? Nothing like being a tryer, after all; and what *is* life without courage—or, anyway, cheek? There's always, as Ada Reeve sings in *Medorah* at the Alhambra, "*some* drawback." And anything's better than doing what anyone else does.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

"Madame La Présidente"

Photograph *Henri Manuel*

MADAME DESCHANEL

Wife of the new French President who takes up his duties at the Élysée this month in succession to M. Poincaré. Madame Deschanel is said to be rather shy, but a very accomplished woman. She has three children, the youngest but ten years of age

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES.

BY H. COLLINSON OWEN

DRAWINGS BY HIGGINS.

No. XV.—Reggie on "The Movies"

THERE is no doubt in my opinion, Reggie, that the cinema is destined to have a great future. For instance. . . ."

"A future! My dear old thing, you're living in the past. You're mummified. Your name is 1914. The Movies are It. They're all round us. You can't stir for 'em. What Plum and Apple was to the Great War so are the Movies to present-day existence. They permeate it and dominate it. If the world isn't already run for or by the cinema it mighty soon will be.

"Take up your favourite newspaper any day in the week, and turn to those delightful back pages, where one may pause and rest awhile after the fatigues of reading the startling things in the news columns. Do you find anything about literature? No. Do you find anything about art or music? *Jamais.* Do you find anything about the sciences? Not on your life. Do you find anything about the Movies? I should say so.

"And to whom belong these rows and rows of smiling portraits? Are they the pictures of distinguished political economists? Not much. Is it a gallery of heroes of the Great War? I don't think. Are they noted criminals, or even eminent divines? *Je ne pense pas.* Who are they then? Why, a child, or even one of His Majesty's Judges, would know the answer.

"They are the Heirs of all the Ages, the Elect of To-Day. They are the Kings and Queens of the Movies, the Fairies and Magicians of our time. A young lady smiles and shows her pearly teeth in California, and hearts are devastated in Wigan, Hammersmith, Barcelona, and even Timbuctoo. Their power transcends that of all others on this wide earth. Aladdin with his Lamp, or the lucky gentleman who owned the Magic Carpet were novices at the game compared with the magic power wielded by the Stars of the Screen.

"This is no mere back-chat, or figure of speech. There is obviously something supernatural about the people who live on the Movies. How is it that they can consistently break their necks, drown themselves, smash themselves to pieces in motor-cars that plunge into chasms, and do all the other things they do, and get away with them? You can't explain it by ordinary means. There must be a little cherub that sits up aloft with a special eye on Movie performers. If you or I jumped out of an express train as it dashed over a bridge we should merely make a distressing casualty. The coroner would comment on our past lives, and say no doubt we had been driven to it by drink or drugs or taxation. But a slip of a girl does it for the Movies, and immediately everything is changed. The sun stands still. The laws of Nature are suspended. Newton's famous apple might never have bumped in the orchard. Once the eye of the film camera is looking on you can, apparently, do just what you dam well please. I don't say it's the Evil Eye, but there's certainly something uncanny about it.

"You see a photograph of a pretty young film lady, who says to the interviewer: 'Yes, the work is certainly sometimes exciting, but I enjoy it very much. In my last film I was savaged by a wild mustang, drowned in a whirlpool, run over by a train, and thrown down a disused coal-mine. The latter experience was a little awkward, as after I had fallen two thousand feet I struck against a projecting beam, and was rather severely bruised. . . . However, I was out again next day feeling none the worse. As a matter of fact, one feels better for this sort of thing. You see, the open-air life is so healthy.'

"Well, that's all very well, but it's hardly sufficient explanation. What's the good of leading a healthy open-air life if you're constantly getting scuppered? A feller doesn't ride to hounds so that he may break his neck every morning. No, the more I think about it the more I'm convinced we're in the presence of something supernatural. There's

"Shows her pearly teeth in California"

a shadowy borderland separating this life from the life of the Movies. Once you cross it you're given seven-leagued boots, more lives than any cat, and the Freedom of the Holy City. As far as I can make out, it's the one profession left which really confers solid advantages on those who follow it. And those who are in it are trying to keep it dark from those who are not."

"Excellent, Reggie. But, speaking seriously. . . ."

"I am. And it seems to me the idea is capable of vast development. Once you pass into Movie Land you're in an enchanted region, where bones are no longer brittle and a man may hit the hard earth and take joy in the incident. It is a land where a minor contusion is the greatest ill that can befall, and where an agent for an Accident Insurance Company would be treated as a merry joke. I tell you, once the great Public realises fully what's going on across this magic borderland everybody will crowd in and insist on being a member of the great Movie Confraternity.

"Probably before we're much older it'll be taken up by the State. Every baby that's born into this world alive will not only be vaccinated but also initiated into the Mysterious Brotherhood of the Movies. What exactly the ceremony will consist of I don't know, but probably it'll just be merely sufficient for the cinema man to be present at the christening and turn his handle. And think what an amazin' change it'll bring into the world!

"Mothers will no longer be worried about their adventurous offspring. Knowing that the Glad-Eye of the cinema has looked upon Baby they will know that no harm can come to the chee-ild. If the brat falls out of a fifth-floor flat, Mother will merely exclaim 'Bother! I've got to go all the way downstairs to fetch him,' and then descend and collect the cooing and happy infant off the asphalt pavement.

"Every town, every city, every hamlet will be under the protection of the same benevolent influence. Throughout the world there will be Movie Days on which the various communities of mankind will dedicate themselves to the All-Powerful Influence of the God in the Machine. It'll seem a bit Pagan, I'm afraid, but you can't have everything. Once the ceremony is performed nobody will be afraid of anything. Life will just run on reels. Laughing policemen will disentangle the chuckling victims from a tram and 'bus wreck, and, shaking the dust off their clothes, tell 'em to hurry up or they'll be late for business. A train disaster will be merely the occasion of slight delay and discomfort. The man who slips on a piece of banana peel will only wonder, as he comes down wallop, whether the immortal Charlie himself could have done it better. And any careless person who falls into the Thames will be simply smothered by the hosts of joyous rescuers who needlessly leap in after him.

"Think of what a glad time it will be. Eyes will sparkle; hearts will be lighter. It'll really be the New World we've heard so much about. The man who is run over by a 'bus will exchange badinage with the crowd the while the ponderous vehicle is lifted from his chest. And in case of shipwreck the man who cries, 'Women and children first' will be regarded as the wag of the assembly.

"But all this is merely the fringe of it—the small change of the Great Movie Millennium. Vaster things will follow. The League of Nations will be laid to rest before it's out of long clothes. In future if any two nations wish to fight each other the rest of the world will say 'Sure, go ahead,' and gather round to see the fun. The next Great War will be a Movie War. All it'll cost the belligerents will be considerable expense for scenery and properties—although, no doubt, they'll be able to get most of it back in gate money. Armed with the triple brass security of the Great Movie Talisman they'll be able to hammer each other till all's blue, and nobody will be a scrap the worse. The only trouble will be the difficulty in spotting the winner, but no doubt some means will be devised of overcoming this.

"That's my idea of one way in which the cinema will develop. There are no doubt plenty of others, but one can't think of them all at once. The only drawback I foresee is that when everybody's initiated into the Movies there'll no longer be any joy in going to Picture Shows. There won't be much thrill in seeing a feller fall off a skyscraper when everybody in the audience knows he can do it on his head. Even Charlie Chaplin's popularity may suffer a little when anybody can collide with a motor-car and come off best. But no doubt he'll have made sufficient by then to buy himself a small annuity or something."

"I think all the same we shall see Charlie on the screen for years to come, Reggie."

"I wonder. I see the dear old *Times*, in its Movie article the other day, referred to him soberly as Mr. Chaplin. It seemed very significant to me. I shouldn't be surprised if the next thing we hear of Charlie is that he's in the House of Lords."

"The House of Lords"

An Ante-dated Promotion

(THOUGH, WE FEAR, WITHOUT PAY OR ALLOWANCES!)

"The Paris edition of the *New York Herald* publishes a remarkable statement from New York in regard to the readings of the new Sumirian tablets at the University Museum of the Pennsylvania University. It absolutely upsets the Adam and Eve story. The tablets show that it was Noah who ate the apple, and Eve did not tempt him, as she was not there at the time. Eve is nowhere included in the record, which may be some satisfaction to the women of the present age, who have long borne the odium of the sin of their first ancestress."—*Daily Paper.*

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

From "Ingénue" to Something New

Photograph] MISS IRIS HOEY [*Foulsham and Banfield*

Who recently gave up her part of the "ingénue" who becomes a famous authoress in "Sacred and Profane Love," Mr. Arnold Bennett's play at the Aldwych Theatre, in order to study for the leading rôle in a new play by Mr. Ernest Denny, which will shortly be produced at a West End Theatre

JVLIVS CÆSAR

AT ST JAMES THEATRE

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is an extremely interesting production of the late Mr. Shakespeare's version of the story of the doing-in of Caius Julius Cæsar in the brave days of old. The scenery and costumes are particularly imposing, and there is a general solemnity about the proceedings which, coupled with the stately music, give you the impression that you are attending some exalted religious function rather than a mere outbreak of play-acting. Shakespeare's plays are supposed not to be very popular; but in this production the pill is so attractively gilded that it is worth the attention of even the least serious persons. Apparently, however, by way of being ready for every emergency, the management have a note on the programme to the effect that the theatre is so well provided with exits that the entire audience can, if need be, get clear of the building in something under a couple of minutes. So they are evidently quite prepared for the worst.

ON the other hand they are entirely justified in hoping for the best, if I may judge from the crowded state of the house on the evening of my visit. Myself, I found the performance of absorbing interest, and I sat it out with complete satisfaction to the very end. It may be that, in view of History's strange fancy for repeating itself, the play is at the moment more topical than is generally imagined. Brutus and Cassius might well be re-incarnated to-day in dear old Lenin and Trotsky, and the fall of Cæsar is one of the current topics of the moment. In this production, Julius is represented by Mr. Clifton Boyne who has the advantage of some facial resemblance to his great original, but who otherwise does not suggest a person capable of overcoming Nervii or any other public nuisances.

MR. BOYNE is a quiet, gentlemanly Cæsar. Even in his most truculent mood, when he is protesting that nothing on earth can make him alter his mind, he speaks of the fact with polite regret as if it were a personal trait, the existence of which no one deplores more than himself. When the stabbing display begins, he naturally shows a little mild excitement, as anybody else would do under the circumstances; but he hands in his checks with truly

CLIFTON BOYNE AS JULIUS CÆSAR

regal dignity. I notice by the way, that he is careful to throw his toga over his head as he falls, in the approved Roman fashion. I do not remember to have seen other Cæsars do this; but it is a very proper and dramatic effect. I have read somewhere, in Suetonius, I think, that of the twenty-three wounds received by Cæsar on this auspicious occasion, only one was really mortal. So that it would seem that while Cassius and Co. may have been fine, ripe statesmen, they must have been pretty poor stabbers.

MARCUS BRUTUS is played by Mr. Basil Gill with all the extreme circumspection due to a gentleman of the Roman upper classes. Mr. Gill measures his words carefully and deliberately, and his lines are conversational rather than declamatory. His reading of the part may well be the correct one, since it quite answers to the description, given of Brutus after his death, that in his life he was both gentle and manly. Mr. Milton Rosmer as the lean and hungry Cassius runs to the other extreme. His energetic volubility and wealth of gesture, especially in the Quarrel scene, reminds one of Jimmy Wilde, if he will forgive the comparison. He is out, and all over the other man, and back again, before you have quite decided that the fun has really begun.

THE outstanding performance is, as might have been expected, that of Mr. Henry Ainley as Marcus Antonius. Mr. Ainley's reading of the part is his own, and one does not dispute with the Doctors nowadays. He never adopts towards the mob the sleek and purring accents of some of his predecessors, but maintains through the attitude that he claims for himself, that of a plain, blunt man telling what he knows; and you have to be pretty blunt to do that, as Jacky Fisher will tell you. Mr. Ainley's Antony is the demagogue rather than the special pleader, and if you were to shut your eyes and imagine the gorgeous scenery suddenly changed into the plinth in Trafalgar Square, you would realise what an eternally topical play this is, and you would readily subscribe to the dogmatic assertion that "Shaky" is not for an age but for all time. The funeral oration is, of course, Antony's best scene. In the rest of the play, when he is just swanking round as

LILIAN BRAITHWAITE AND BASIL GILL

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

the conquering hero, he is less interesting, but Mr. Ainley contrives to make that oration an unforgettable feature of the production.

THE ladies of the cast have been very happily chosen. Miss Esmé Beringer handles the part of Calpurnia with a nice restraint, and succeeds in imparting dignity to a character that is perhaps a little childish. But she gets well over the difficulty of convincing us that Cæsar ought not to go to the Senate because she dreamed of burglars the night before, or because somebody who was doubtless a successful journalist of the period, claims to have seen ghosts running wild about the streets and keeping the neighbours awake with their squawking. Cæsar, who all his life was practically on the water-waggon, ought to have had a pretty shrewd idea of how one gets to see things like that. Miss Lilian Braithwaite as Portia, the wife of Brutus, gets quite a beautiful and pathetic effect into her appeal to Brutus that as she is his wife he ought to tell her all his secrets. If convincing eloquence could have moved Brutus, Miss Braithwaite certainly had the goods on hand. But, I suppose the fact is, although history does not mention it specifically, the men of the olden days did not tell their wives everything, and that is where we get the same bad habit from to-day.

A PERFORMANCE of quite unusual merit is that of Mr. Claud Rains as the envious Casca who is said to have made such a large hole in the Chief of State. Mr. Rains realises most convincingly the patrician who chooses to adopt a boorish attitude in order to pass himself off among his peers as a person of wit. There is an individuality about his appearance that is not always present with the other characters, and he takes a delicately humorous view of his part which, whenever it is proper for him to obtrude it, is welcome indeed. I like, too, the Soothsayer of Mr. Ernest Digges, who is so entirely natural. A Soothsayer was, of course, a man who told the truth, and that kind of man seems to have been such a rare bird in old Rome that he had to wear a special dress to distinguish him from the ordinary members of the public. I notice that in this version of the play the anachronistic line, "What is't o'clock?" has been retained, though the other howler, "The clock hath stricken three" has been prudently excised, doubtless in deference to the commonly accepted opinion that with all their pushfulness the Swiss horologists never managed to get as far as Rome, B.C. For the rest, the production is one that no consistent playgoer should miss. It is a splendid and agreeable entertainment.

JINGLE

Au Revoirs and Revoirs

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

THIS is a land of sudden partings and strange meetings. On Monday one travels from Lindenthal towards the Dom on a tram with a man at the sight of whom every blue-cloaked Prussian policeman does obeisance, tram conductors quake, and telegraph boys salute. Yet this great one will himself quake at the mention of the mystic formula D.A.P.M.

The following Saturday, perhaps, one travels on the same route with the same person. The tram-conductor glares at him, and in gruff tones demands, "*funf und zwanzig*"—the policeman eyes him malevolently, and the telegraph boy whistles in his face.

YET the latest thing in D.A.P.M.'s in the poshiest of breeches and the longest of spurs may pass him, and he remains calm. The explanation is simple. In the course of a week he has made a rapid return trip to England, discarding his empty military glories for a solid and remunerative commission to sell Somebody's Superb Soap, or So-and-So's Superfine Suitings.

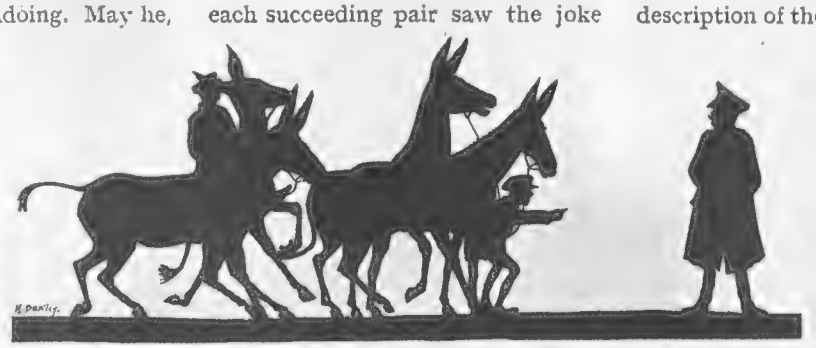
STRANGER still are the meetings between human occupiers and their four-footed pals. A mess corporal encountered his old mess carthorse the other day, drawing a German baker's cart. The recognition was mutual, and the baker himself was so overcome that his exclamations of "*Süss!*" and "*Herrlich!*" might have been heard two streets away. One wonders just what the lot will be of these compulsory deserters to the enemy—one can only hope he will bear them no grudge on account of the supplies they carried over miles of Flanders roads to his final undoing. May he, in recognition of their present equally faithful service to him, let bygones be bygones!

THE Hun is certainly much impressed with the mules he has bought; whether they think equally highly of him is open to question; they look him up and down with a contemptuous expression, nudging one another slyly, and making amused comments with ears and noses.

THE sight of a Prussian policeman was too much for one procession of newly sold mules. The

"The latest thing in D.A.P.M.'s is the poshiest of breeches"

leading pair "neighed"—laughed would be a truer term—loudly and contemptuously at him, and each succeeding pair saw the joke as they passed him and took up the call. The obvious amusement of the mules so infected the bystanders that soon everyone was roaring with laughter, except the affronted "Schutzmann" himself, who twirled his moustache fiercely and vainly tried to look indifferent.



"The sight of a Prussian policeman was too much for the mules"

A DEMOBILISED officer now here in mufti on commercial affairs was interrupted in the Hohestrasse in his musings on costs and prices by a German whose face seemed vaguely familiar.

"You don't remember me?" he anxiously enquired, in excellent English.

The Englishman had to admit that he could not place him amongst his German customers.

"Weren't you a major at the —— Division Headquarters at Cambrai during that show? And do you not remember talking to a German prisoner who had been employed on a trench 'listening' apparatus?"

"BY Jove! I remember you now," remarked the Englishman.

"I am afraid I did not give you much information then," returned the German, "but if it would interest you now to know how we worked that affair, I have developed the idea as a patent 'dictaphone,' and——"

"Thanks," returned the other, "but we had captured a complete set, with written instructions for use two days before we got you!"

"Really," replied the other, "I must congratulate you on your concealment of your knowledge."

"May I return your compliment?" said the ex-major. "Your description of the instrument at that moment reposing in a cupboard in my room was really a masterpiece of artistic lying, and furnished me with just the clue I wanted as to the reliability of the rest of your statements."

ERIC GORDON

Still Watching on the Rhine!

SENTRY: "'Alt! 'Oo goes there?"
MOROSE VOICE FROM THE FROZEN SHADOWS: "Blinkin' icicle!"

BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Bystander in PARIS

"QUELLE HEURE AVEZ-VOUS?" *Illustrated by* MARCEL PONCIN

"Wherever one has gone it was eight o'clock"

MES AMIS,

IT is not much that we who made the War care about politics in France. One has enough time after one is fifty to argue, and till then, my faith, one has enough to do! But one went all the same to lunch at the Hotel des Reservoirs at Versailles the day of the election of the President. That was a thing to do and all the world did it. When they booked their tables they thought how it would be the great day of the "Tiger," and then the old fellow was beaten at the post. All the same it was a gay luncheon and everyone argued about why the "Tiger" had been beaten.

THERE were some who said with reason that he was too honest and so all the rogues had succeeded to twist his tail. For me, I think it was because he has let the rogues twist everybody else's tail too long. *Voilà!* this morning even that my baker has come to visit me, and for what, think you? To present his successor! It is the fourth time that that has arrived with my tradespeople. First, there was the florist who wished to present his successor, and then the bootmaker and then the tailor. Everyone of them is now retired into the country to his villa on the enormous fortune he has made, and the baker goes to join them. One day they will all be elected to be mayors of their villages, and then they will become Deputies. Perhaps one day the son of my baker will be President of the Republic. *Vive la Démocratie!*

THERE were some who said that it was because the Seine had flooded and nearly drowned the Deputies at the Palais Bourbon that they voted against Clemenceau. And others said it was because they could not find apartments, and were afraid to bring their wives to Paris because they would find out how they succeeded to pass the night in comfort. Wherever one has gone it was eight o'clock. *C'était énervant!* One went out in the morning—eight o'clock. One hurried oneself to catch a train—eight o'clock. One had an appointment in the afternoon and wished to know how much time one had to take one's coffee—eight o'clock. Even in the cafés the pneumatic clocks were all stopped, and at our table an Englishman who comes every day to take his *apéritif* has made of it a good joke. Every half hour he has demanded the time of the *patron* and insisted that he should cry out in the café: "*Messieurs, Dames*, the clock of our establishment deceives you, it is now six hours and a half."

"The *chasseur* had succeeded"

ONE day when he has not been in a hurry this Englishman has had the good idea to telephone to the company of the clocks which did not go, and demand to speak to the manager on an affair very urgent. When the manager has come to the telephone the Englishman has told his name and said: "Monsieur, it is my habit not to carry a watch, but to depend to know the time on the clocks of your company. As they do not march at present, would you be so polished as to tell me what hour it is?"

HE has had so much success with his joke that every time he has wished to know the time he has made his secretary or the *chasseur* of the café ring up the company. Sometimes it has been very late and Monsieur the manager has been very angry, and once when he has wakened in the night he has taken

(*Continued on page 298*)

"'De quoi, de quoi?' said the Minister."

"Crise de Logement"

A PHASE OF THE HOUSING PROBLEM IN NORTHERN FRANCE

IN A SOMME VILLAGE
Women employed in "reconstruction" work—retrieving fallen bricks among the rubble of a shattered house

RE-BUILDING A HOUSE IN ARRAS
Where women are becoming expert bricklayers

A HUT AT CONCY-LE-CHÂTEAU AND (inset) THE ENTRANCE TO AN INHABITED DUG-OUT IN LENS
The housing problem is urgent enough in this country, but preoccupied as we are with reconstruction at home, we are sometimes apt to forget the still greater difficulties which the people of Northern France are tackling in rebuilding their devastated towns and villages, where all sorts of temporary habitations, huts of rubble and corrugated iron, and old dug-outs are being used

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

the telephone from beside his bed and demanded, "*Monsieur, quelle heure avez-vous?*"

IT was then that the patience of the manager of the company exhausted itself, and he has replied, "Monsieur, it is because I have no coal that my clocks do not march, and I would therefore be obliged if you would ring up the Minister who is responsible and demand of him the hour." The next afternoon at the café our friend has told the *chasseur* to ring up the Minister and demand that he himself should come to the apparatus. It was an affair of urgency, he said. Every minute made a difference, and he would not speak to anyone but the Minister. It has been half an hour before the *chasseur* had succeeded. "*Monsieur le Ministre est à l'appareil,*" he has called, and our friend has gone to speak to him.

HIS French is very good, and he has made phrases of great politeness to excuse himself that he disturbed the Minister. "*De quoi, de quoi?*" the gentleman who is responsible for coal has said, "What can I tell you?" "Ah! Monsieur," said our friend, "I understand that it is because the company of pneumatic clocks has no coal that one does not know the time. Would you be so good as to tell me the hour?"

"It is the frenzy of everybody to dance"

WHEN the droll fellow has come back to our table he has said that the Minister was a Bolshevist because no one of the bourgeois party could know such words as he used. "And he has not even told me the time after all," he has said. "French politeness is sadly on the decline." But he has had a great success from his joke because next day coal was delivered to the company of pneumatic clocks and one again knows the time. You will note that it has been an Englishman who has done it.

BUT even though the clocks have marched again it has not made the election of Monsieur Clemenceau to be President of the Republic. Perhaps after all it was because he tried to stop the dancing halls, because he said they used too much light and so burned up the coal. At this moment when it is the frenzy of everybody to dance one does not easily forgive so bad a piece of politics as that.

PHILIPPE.

Photograph *Topical Press*

A JOB AFTER THE KAISER'S OWN HEART!

And why shouldn't he be sent down to help these unfortunate ex-allies of his, the impoverished Viennese, who, owing to the disappearance of coal from Vienna, have invaded the Wiener Wald, the ancient preserved forests of the ex-Emperor Carl of Austria, where, as seen above, they chop down the trees and carry them off for fuel?

INSPIRATION

DANCE COMPOSER:—"Great Jazz! Splendid! That's just the position I want for the 101st step to my new Fox Trot."

BY JOSEPH LEE

A Terpsichorean Epistle by Patrick Thompson.

[A new translation of the famous intercepted Report of the Emissary of Terpsichore to the Muse of the choric Dance (Xopeia) in the close of the year 1919 A.D.]

SINCE I danced with the brown, singing mortals of Hawaii, I have travelled much, and mainly in European lands. I have yelled and leaped with the Russians from Odessa to Archangel, glided with the sinuous Italians, stamped gravely with the sturdy-legged Swiss, wriggled with the wives and daughters of French warriors in Wiesbaden cafés, walked stiffly and quickly with Americans in Coblenz, and swayed with young women of many races and ancient profession in Parisian restaurants. And at length I am come to the place, where, of all others, thy worship is most assiduously practised. I am in the capital of the island of England, the city named Town.

It is a great city, and thy temples are many and of the most varied sort. Thy female worshippers also are of divers kinds. In the western quarter they worship in mauve silk and purple *crêpe de Chine*, with plumes in their scented hair, high heels, and backs and arms as naked as the nymphs, and dusted with sweet smelling powder. They are beautiful. To north and south thy worshippers are less tall, wearing white and black, and often pink and blue. They expose a V below their throats, but no more; they have no plumes in their hair, and their heels are lower. They worship only at night, and many are pretty, but few have beauty. For much of the beauty of the West is purchased in the cool *salons* and baths of the professional metamorphosists, who accomplish miracles, transforming in a little while a ravaged nymph into a dazzling goddess; and the north and south have neither the leisure nor the price. In the east they worship at night also, and not by day, and some have high heels and some low, and some wear mauve and purple, and some black and white. There are strange and unexpected temples there of which few have heard and none speak.

But one place there is at Hammersmith where all mingle, and one place there is near Broad Walk where none save those of the utmost respectability go.

My experiences have been varied, and I have solved many mysteries. I understand now why thou art at times constrained to seek thy couch, being indisposed. It is whenever there is a Ball (which is a grand ceremony in thy worship) in an hotel close by the Park of Hyde, or a dance to secure money for some old woman's cherished charity. At the former are chaperons and programmes, and thou art dulled to stupefaction; at the latter thou are torn, banged about and trodden on by multitudes. My heart is sore for thee, Light-toed One.

Quiet, easy and reposeful is the style of worship in the temples of clubs and hotels. It is pleasantly expressionless, which is considered in this city of Town to be the

(Continued on page 302)

"La Vie de

"High Jinks in

le Bohême"

in our Suburb"

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

A TERPSICHOREAN EPISTLE (concluded)

essence of manners and is termed good form. The style is necessary, for the male garb of ceremony is such that a more energetic mode of worship, such as is known in Montmartre and a Cologne Corps Club, would cause the extremities of the under tunic, which are stiff at wrists and neck, to become as limp and crumpled as a kirtle dragged in the running stream; than which nothing could be more distasteful.

Yet times there are when the hot-running blood rebels. Then a large temple is taken, to which, fantastically disguised in *bizarre* dresses, repair the worshippers of good form, to mingle with the painters of Chelsea and the actresses of the theatres, and laugh and dance in a fashion that has neither repose nor ease, being exceeding joyous. Afterwards they return to the good form which is so necessary and pleasant.

But the young warriors, returning for a brief time from the garrison in the towns of the people conquered in the great War, are impatient of the good form which they, too, were wont to cultivate. Therefore, they steal away to temples under the ground, where they pay one guinea, ten shillings, or five shillings respectively, and are bidden at the first temple to "Go right down the steps, if you please, sir," at the second, to "Go right down, mister." and at the third, to "Slip inside." These temples lie chiefly in the west, and in each the worship is free and even more joyous than that of the masqueraders. Also, the female worshippers are gay and kind. And they are lithe dancers.

Here they speak much of one, Pussyfoot, an enemy of Dionysus. Has he been heard of on Olympus? Yet assure Dionysus that the enemy gains no ground here, nor is thy worship impeded by this man. There are songs made concerning him, to which the worshippers dance madly, the musicians meanwhile bubbling in their throats and calling his name. Their mysterious harmonies intoxicate the limbs and instil sweet wine into the blood.

Yet it is a land, O Muse, of much religious intolerance. Once in the pink-and-gold temple of a club in the street of Orange, where I worshipped with young warriors, we demanded that the lazy musicians play oftener, that we might dance ceaselessly; but myrmidons declared that we worshipped not thee, but Dionysus, and we were cast without the portals. Similarly were we cast forth at the commencement of a worship to thee in a temple sacred to Dionysus. Each temple is jealous of its god, and there are many gods and creeds. The devotees of good form disdain the riotous dancers, and they in turn shun in their subterranean caves the worshippers of Artemis and Apollo. By order of the Senate, Aphrodite's boy perches on a tall pillar in the midst of a great space, yet the Senate also clothes guardians of the chaste goddess in blue, and sends them forth to suppress the worship of the God of Love. These things are not to be understood.

Meanwhile, the common people call upon Dionysus, curse Pussyfoot, and often worship thee in the streets. For above all others thou art universally worshipped here. The followers of all the deities unite in thee. In thy temples, chaste and unchaste meet. Take heed then, fairest of the Muses, lest thy popularity stir bitter envy in the hearts of the cold and joyless, and another Pussyfoot be sent to endeavour to make the life of these mortals one more degree less warm and magical.

"HAL-L-O!": A SAINT UNBENDS

By George Dixon

Practical Clairvoyancy

"TABLE TURNING AS A MEANS OF PASSING THE MUSTARD"

BY HEATH ROBINSON

"The Ski-Runner"

Photograph *Egar Beard*

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY IN SWITZERLAND

Picking Up The Threads

By Francis Gribble

Illustrated by Fleming Williams.

THEY were both over forty, and they had not met for years. Chance had now brought them together in a hotel on the Cornish coast.

She had been a sort of a war-worker, taking a sort of a rest cure, —the sort which may include a good deal of jazzing and bridge. The War had beckoned him home from abroad; and he had just been demobilised after serving in the A.S.C. at Salonica. He had had malaria there, and was still liable to relapses. They sat in the lounge and talked—both of them smoking cigarettes.

"It's awfully jolly," she said, "our running up against each other like this."

"A most happy accident," he agreed.

"Once upon a time, I remember, I used to call you Walter and you used to call me Enid. What ages ago it seems!"

"Time does pass," he admitted, with what might have been a sigh.

"But sometimes things which happened ever so long ago seem as if they'd happened only yesterday. Don't you ever feel that?"

"Yes, I suppose we all do," he answered. "Some memories keep their place at the top, whatever happens."

"And such a lot has happened lately. There was the War, for instance."

"Yes, the War did crowd out a good many other things, didn't it?"

"Not as many as one might have expected, though. War work didn't take up all one's time, though, of course, one did as much of it as one could."

"So they tell me."

"Well, I'll confess it didn't take up quite all my time; and you know that fighting didn't take up all yours."

"There certainly wasn't a battle every day, if that's what you mean," he said.

"I was able to find time for dancing, and bridge, and you were able to find time for writing poetry. Such beautiful poetry, too!"

He bowed.

"I liked it so much," she said, "because it wasn't, any of it, about the War. It must be quite easy to write war poetry, when there's a war on; but other poetry is different."

"One welcomed any thoughts which enabled one to escape from the War," he explained.

"Yes, that's why I danced and played bridge; but those are things anyone can do, aren't they?"

"A great many people certainly contrive to do them."

"Nearly everybody. Even the lower orders—munition workers, and people of that sort, you know."

"So I gather from the papers."

"It isn't a bad way of putting in the time when you're not war-working. I once wrote an article about it for a Sunday paper. 'Why I jazz,' it was called. At least I signed the article, and they sent somebody down from the office to do the writing part. But about your poetry. I don't read poetry as a rule, but I read that, of course, because I knew you."

It was not quite clear whether that compliment required acknowledgment, and the remark which followed hardly settled the point.

"It wasn't the poetry itself, you know, which appealed to me so much as the story wrapped up in it."

"But the story was little enough, surely?"

"One had to imagine the details, of course—that was one of the reasons why it was interesting. I wonder if I imagined them right. That girl Laura, for instance. Was Laura her real name?"

"I shouldn't have dared——"

"I thought it was a made-up name. But why did you choose the name Laura?"

"I suppose I had been reading Petrarch?"

"Petrarch? Petrarch? Oh, yes, he was a poet, too, wasn't he? And you took the name from him? How clever of you! But I suppose your Laura was a real person, even if Laura wasn't her real name?"

"I certainly thought so at the time."

"What a way of putting it! Surely you must have known!"

"The image in my mind was real enough."

"And the memory?"

"That also. The whole thing was very real to me: an old story which came back vividly when I found myself alone in lonely places —so vividly that I could not help putting it together."

"Then she must have been real."

(All rights strictly reserved)

"That doesn't follow."

"But you knew you hadn't invented her?"

"Yes, but I wasn't sure that I hadn't imagined her, or that the actual Laura had ever quite corresponded with the Laura of my poem."

"I see."

Not that she actually did see; but she felt that that was the proper thing to say, and would help her on to the things which she wanted to say—things suggested by the story enshrined in the poem.

"Still, real or not real," she continued, "your Laura had the power to make you suffer."

"Truly she had."

"Wherever you went, she haunted you."

She enumerated some of the scenes in which, if the poem were a faithful chronicle, the poet had endured the agonising tragedy of frustrated love.

"In the sea fog on the beach at Dieppe; in the sunshine in the Roman villa in the Campagna; in the crowd at the *bal masqué*; among the Alpine snows; in the Canadian forests; in those Salonica trenches."

"Yes, in all those places," he acknowledged.

Thus she drew gradually nearer to the things which she had it in her mind to say.

"How you must have loved! If any man had ever loved me like that——"

"You are quite sure that no man ever did?"

"At any rate, no man ever told me that he did. I fancy it's only poets who ever do love women like that, and one doesn't meet poets every day. If I ever had met a poet, and he had loved me like that, and had told me so——"

"You wouldn't have believed him."

"How do you know?"

He smiled enigmatically instead of answering; and she continued to dance round the subject and approach it from fresh points.

"You can't possibly know. Why, if your poem tells the truth, you don't even know to this day whether Laura loved you or not. Suppose she did! Suppose she loves you still! Suppose the story isn't finished yet, and might still have a happy ending!"

"I've gone through all that supposing," he replied. "It leads to nothing."

"Nothing except poetry, you mean?"

"Precisely."

"Are you quite certain?"

"Quite."

"But——"

She was not getting on as fast as she would have liked; but she did not give up. She continued to approach gradually, as one who saps and mines.

"But—you were telling the truth in the poem, weren't you?"

"At least I was trying to tell it."

"Then tell me something else. Why was it that—nothing happened? Why was it that you went away like that—suddenly, without a word? Perhaps if you had spoken—why did you not speak?"

"The answer to that question is quite simple: Laura was married."

"I see."

Once again it was not so much that she saw as that the words helped her over a conversational stile. He had spoken too solemnly to be hurried. A pause seemed to be indicated, as a concession to propriety and good feeling, before she proceeded:

"And that mattered to you?"

"I suppose it did. It seemed as if it ought to. Don't you agree?"

It was not very easy to find an answer which should mean both "Yes" and "No"; but she managed to find one.

"It depends," she said, "upon whether one is thinking of ordinary people or of poets," and she added, feeling that further explanation was called for:

"Men of genius, you see, always break the old rules and make new ones for themselves. They do it in art and music and literature. Why shouldn't they do it in life?"

"And d——n the consequences?'

"Yes."

He tried to speak as if he were a judge, calmly reviewing some other person's case.

"A man might be willing," he said, "to d——n the consequences to himself and yet afraid of the consequences to a woman."

"The old-fashioned chivalry, in short?"

"If you like to call it so."

"Whatever we call it, there's one fact which it overlooks."

"Which is . . .?"

"That there would be no consequences for the woman if she didn't wish for any."

"Well, yes, of course, it would always be open to her to say 'No.'"

"And if she said 'No,' you'd have believed that she meant it. Mightn't she also have meant it if she'd said 'Yes'?"

"I don't know."

"Then you're not logical, and you don't understand women."

"Perhaps not. Does anybody understand them?"

"Not the men who believe that they do the conventional things on purpose and the unconventional things by accident, or by mistake, or because some man has taken advantage of their innocence. That's only what some of them pretend; but it isn't true. They're quite as capable as men are of walking into adventures with their eyes open. The idea that they aren't is one of the most pathetic illusions that men cling to."

She hardly realised that she was stripping her soul bare for his inspection. Still less did she realise how the nude spectacle might impress him. It is the lurking danger of too confidential talk; for if men generally fail to understand women, women sometimes fail to understand men.

But he did not argue the point with her. He merely said:

"Enid, I'm quite sure you wouldn't have talked like that twenty years ago."

It was the most personal touch yet given to the conversation. It seemed possible that touches still more intimate would follow; but there was little time for them, as the turning-out of the lounge lights was about to begin. They looked at each other as if doubtful what advantage either of them should take of the few remaining minutes. Then she replied:

"Walter, I wasn't tested. I thought I was going to be, but I wasn't—and I was disappointed.

(*Continued on page 308*)

"Animal Spirits": A Development of Conandoyleism

"OUR COAT, WE THINK!"

BY HARRY ROUNTREE

"PICKING UP THE THREADS" (*concluded*)

If I had been—if the call to adventure had come to me—such a call as that, I mean—or if it came to me now——."

He said nothing, and she started afresh:

"I didn't know enough to talk like that then; but I knew enough to feel like it. And now I'm at what people call the romantic age—and I'm broad-minded—and people don't mind scandals nowadays—and your poem reminded me of so many things—and I couldn't help wondering, you know, when I read it——."

There was no mistaking the invitation in her eyes, or the question wrapped up in her broken, spasmodic sentences. She could not tell him more directly that she knew herself to have been the heroine of the romance which had led to nothing but poetry, and that that romance might now, if he chose, in spite of her marriage and his, be picked up again and lead to the throwing of her bonnet over the windmill. And yet she might even have come to that if the waiter who was turning out the lights had not so nearly finished his task. As it was:

"Good night," she said. "We must have another long talk to-morrow."

"Good night," he replied, taking her hand, and holding it a little longer than was necessary; and then they went up different staircases to their several rooms, very busy with their several thoughts.

"How stupid men are!" she was thinking. "So shy! So hard to draw out! So afraid when there's no need to be! But to-morrow, when we pick up the talk again, just where we left it off——"

"To-morrow," he reflected, as he went on smoking cigarettes in his bed-room. "It sounds like an ultimatum with a time limit; and I've got to think it all out by then. Is it she who's changed, or is it I who was always mistaken? I suppose it's the effect of the War—and yet there's no knowing. I daresay the War hasn't really changed any of us, except for the stripping off of some of the varnish. If so, there's something to be said for varnish. Ideals are difficult without it; and I think there's more comfort in ideals than in adventures. Should one take the adventure after the ideal is gone? That's what I've got to decide: and it looks as though, if I didn't decide quickly, it'd be decided for me."

So they fell asleep, with their respective thoughts; and the next day was well advanced before she came down, meaning to pick up the threads after lunch. She was late for lunch, and he was not there; but that, as there had been no appointment, meant nothing. No doubt she would see him at afternoon tea.

She did not, however, though she lingered, waiting for him; nor was he visible at dinner. At last she enquired.

"Captain Emsley left by motor in the course of the morning," was the answer.

"Did he leave any message for me?"

"No, madam."

"You are forwarding his letters to him, I suppose?"

"No, madam. He said he wasn't expecting any and didn't know what his address would be."

"Thank you."

There was nothing more to be said: and it was not clear what else there was to be done. On the previous evening, no doubt, she might have had his address for the asking; but it had not occurred to her that she would need to know. He was living "abroad"—had come from "abroad," and was going "abroad" again. That was all he had told her; and it was not enough for the Post Office. If only she had been less precipitate! Still—

She sat in a corner, first sulking, and then considering. Having considered very carefully, she went over to one of the writing desks, and wrote out an advertisement for the personal column of *The Times*. The final version of it, after several drafts had been torn up, ran thus:

WALTER.—Was I Laura? If I was, why did you run away? We might both be so happy picking up the threads, if you would come back.—ENID.

The answer did not appear on the next day, or on the day after. She began to doubt whether it would ever appear at all; but at last she saw it, right at the head of the column:—

ENID—I thought you were, but I find I was mistaken. The real Laura existed only in my imagination. Why couldn't you leave me my dream? Good-bye.—WALTER.

And so the curtain which had been lifted for a day fell again between them.

PUTTING IT TACTFULLY

LODGER (*suddenly springing from his chair and addressing cat*): "Foul and treacherous animal! Not only do you steal my butter, but you cut it with a knife to throw suspicion on my good landlady!"

BY F. GREY

"Plautus Red-i-vivus"

*("QUEM DI DILIGUNT, ADOLESCENS MORITUR."—*Bacchides*)*

MINOR MUSICAL COMEDY ACTRESS *(speaking of highly popular revue star)*: "Those whom the 'Gods' love 'dye' old"

BY PIZER

Un-Parliamentary Portraits

No. V.—"The N.U.R."

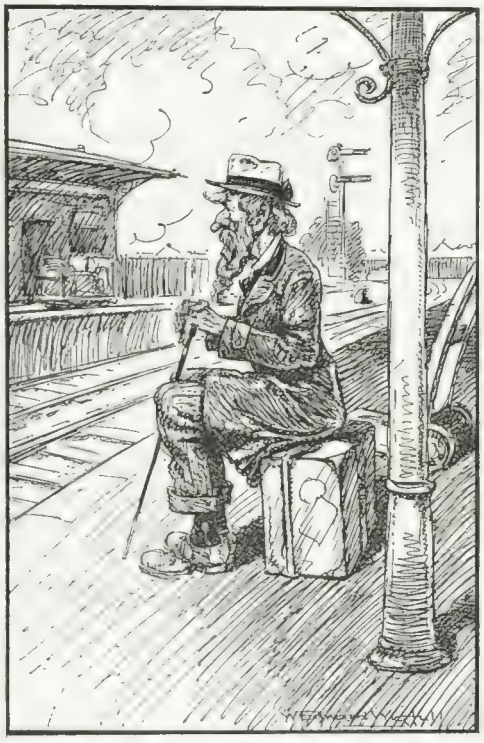
THE RT. HON. JAMES HENRY THOMAS, P.C., M.P.

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

Politics: THE RAILWAY QUESTION

BY "FITZWILLIAM"

THERE is a current impression that the British railways are greatly disturbed. Indeed, they are rather more disturbed than any other trade, except the mines, and this solely because they have been placed in an abnormal position. They were taken over on the outbreak of War, and the Government undertook to guarantee their dividends. But the Government, for reasons unknown to the public, failed to raise the fares and goods rates as much as was required by the general rise in prices, and especially in wages. As a result, the balance-sheet does not balance; if you give away anything to the men you are increasing the deficit of a rotten concern. Naturally the Government hesitates to do so, and quite as naturally strikes and threats of strikes follow. The new agreement between the Government and the railwaymen is certainly not going to settle the trouble. There will be further agitation this year.



THE MAN WHO WAITED FOR SIR ERIC'S PREDICTION TO COME TRUE

"Sir Eric Geddes, at the Cambridge Chamber of Commerce, said that as economies were effected in consequence of the rehabilitation of railways, and as they secured unified control and improved conditions, the public might look forward to having lower fares and reduced rates."—DAILY PAPER.

By W. E. WIGFULL

WHAT will be the rôle of Mr. J. H. Thomas one cannot predict, because the distinguished leader of the railwaymen is, at the same time, moderate and extreme. He seems to take little interest in Socialism, or in constructive policy of any kind; so far as that goes, he dislikes revolutionary ideas. On the other hand, he is a ferocious upholder of the right to strike for better conditions, and will never hesitate to call out his men if he thinks their interests menaced. For my part, I believe that Mr. Thomas will have to recede from this intermediate position; that he will have to co-operate, through joint control, in something more than the improvement of the conditions of the men, and take his share in the improvement of the railways themselves.

I KNOW that it is almost blasphemous to attack the British railways. They are supposed to be miraculously comfortable, fast, punctual, safe, etc. In fact, they are rather mediocre railways. Their fares are much too heavy. Before the War, third-class fare in this country stood at a penny a mile, while it was in France only a little over ¾*d.* a mile; the French reduction on return tickets was 25 per cent. as opposed to our, roughly speaking, "double fare," while the army and navy travelled at quarter rate. In Germany and Belgium fares were a little lower even than in France. To which the outraged railway director will say: "Sir! how can you compare the comfort and speed. . . ." But I can compare. I can compare the speed of the Calais-Paris (fifty-six miles an hour), with the speed of the London-Dover, on the dear old South-Eastern. I can compare the comfort of the Cologne-Berlin train with the cattle-trucks, inadequately converted for human use, which run about the West of England. I can also point out that Paris is joined to Lyons by one line, one staff, one expense bill, while idiotic competition has produced five lines, five staffs, five bills between London and Manchester.

I CAN look at the British railway map and find everywhere dead-ends which impose a twenty-mile railway journey on persons living five miles apart by road. I can urge that if you want to lose your luggage, because it is not registered, you can put it on an English train. I can suggest that if you really want indigestion you can feast on pre-historic buns, that you can arrive at Folkestone, after a frightful crossing, sick and frozen, and find that you can get neither a glass of brandy nor a cup of tea. And if we compare ourselves with America, where a main line offers facilities for writing, shorthand, typing, telephoning, cabling, and even bathing, we may feel less superior about our railways.

ALL this will have to be tackled, which can only be done by continuing Government control. Without going into the question of nationalisation, I am convinced that we can no longer trust sham competition, for working agreements between the companies actually do away with competition. For all these improvements, a Minister and the Council of directors and railwaymen must become answerable. We must stop sweating big fees out of lines that want to use each other's stations. We must do away with the sights that we see all over the Great Central, the London and North-Western, the South-Eastern, the London and Brighton, namely, duplicate stations, with staffs and expenses, within a hundred yards of each other. In other words, we want a creative impulse to promote comfort, without which there is no good temper, and convenience, without which there is no good trade.

To a Sovereign

Lines written on finding one after many years in an old coat pocket.—(After ROBERT BURNS.)

Wee glitterin' sonsy lookin' quid,
Sae that's where a' this time ye've hid!
Ye mak' me wonder what I did
In days of old,
Before we finally got rid
O' honest gold.

I must confess I wadna mind
If but anither o' your kind
In some auld pocket I could find,
For t'wad be grand
Ance mair twa sovereigns tae grind
Within my hand.

The last time that I wore this coat
I mind I passed the "Dog and Goat,"
And eh! I longed tae slake my throat,
I'd sic a thirst on,
And I had *you* and didna know't
Tae go a burst on!
Ma conscience! but it seems tae bad
The bonnie drinks I micht hae had,
I micht hae been a happy lad
Wi'oot much trouble,
For you—the thocht near drives me mad—
Were then worth double!

W. HODGSON BURNET.

"In 1950"

LABOUR Cabinet learns with alarm that employment is rife in the country. Three persons already reported to be still in employment. Inquiry ordered.

FIRST house under Dr. Addison's Housing Scheme erected. National Bank Holiday declared.

A TELEPHONE call put in during 1914 to the effect that "sandbags—two for A.S.C. required" is reported to have landed at Reading yesterday.

EVERY Naval lieutenant is now an Admiral. Pelman advertisements ordered to be stopped for a few weeks.

IRISH situation once again serious.

RUMOUR that a policeman was not shot in Ireland yesterday is officially denied.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE invited to breakfast at 10, Downing Street by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald.

ANOTHER soldier who fought in the Great War was demobilised yesterday.

MR. WILLIAM BUSBY, M.P. (Old Bill), the Member for Willesden, moved the abolition of plum and apple from the Army List of Field Punishments. House counted out.

MR. C. B. COCHRAN again visits New York. Still hope that Dempsey will decide to meet Carpentier's grandson.

SIR ALFRED BUTT decides to sell twenty of his theatres.

SCOTLAND YARD receives information that the pat of butter stolen from the Cecil in 1914 has now been traced to Paris.

LADY DE VERE has decided to break up her very valuable collection of sugar, and to devote the proceeds to charity.

J.

"THE HOUR".
By E. F. HISCOCKS

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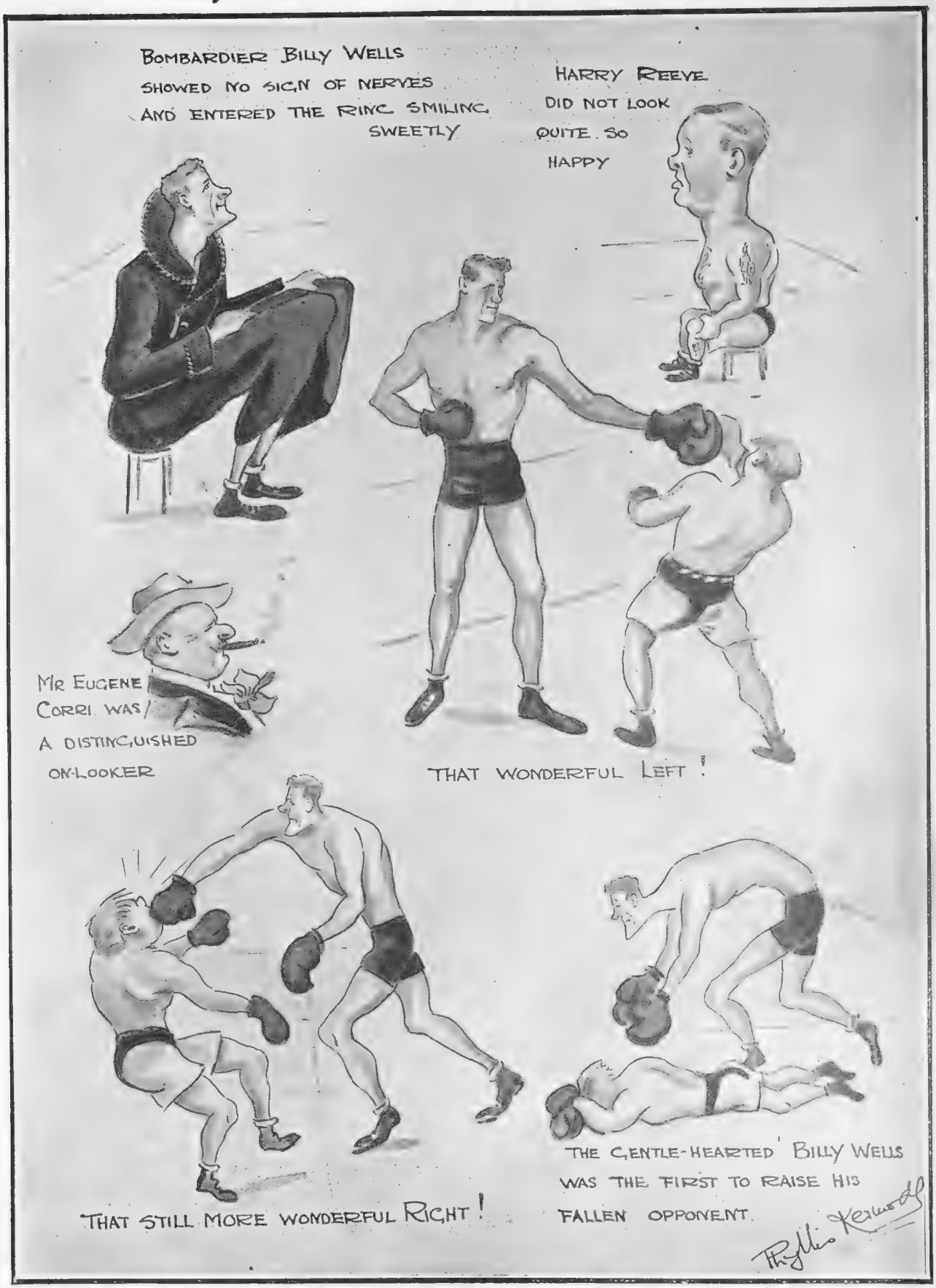
"Parsonal Magnetism"

"TELL ME, TOO!"

BY STAN TERRY

Billy Wells "Comes Back"—



—And Beats Harry Reeve in Four Rounds

Some sketches made by our artist last week at the Canterbury Music Hall, where Bombardier Billy Wells, boxing in his best form and with plenty of confidence, raised the hopes of his supporters that he has "come back" to some purpose by knocking out Harry Reeve in the fourth round of a 20-round contest

BY PHYLLIS ERMODE

GAMES & PASTIMES

Photograph *Central News*

THE FAMOUS LADY CHAMPION AT CANNES

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, is here seen playing with her Mixed Doubles partner, P. Albarran, at Cannes. The picture is an excellent illustration of how a low back-hand volley should be played. The secret of her success lies mainly in her ability to play the volleying game with absolute freedom and correctness of style

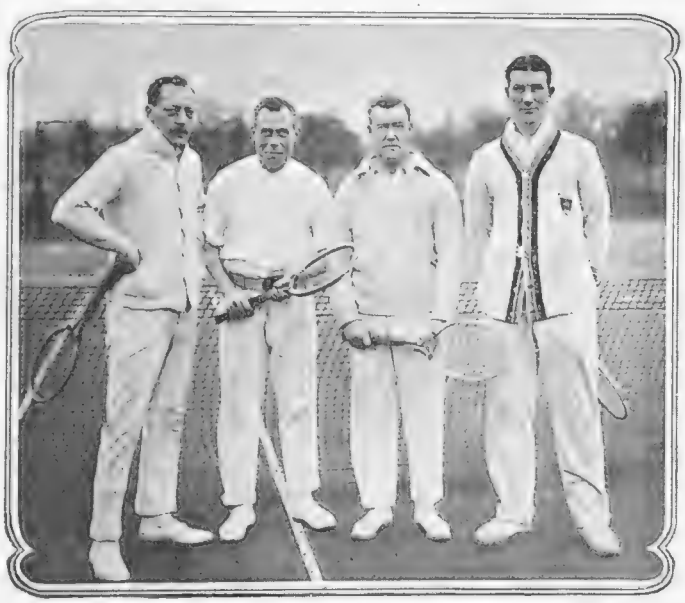
LAWN TENNIS

An English Success

AFTER being beaten in the Davis Cup Competition in Sydney, the British Isles team entered for the Championships of Australasia, which were held immediately after it, and Colonel Kingscote has had the satisfaction of winning the Singles Championship. The way was made more smooth for him by the retirement of G. L. Patterson, his conqueror in the Davis Cup, and of those who remained, J. O. Anderson was probably the most formidable. Kingscote had beaten him in three sets in the Davis Cup, and he repeated the victory when they met in the Australasian Singles (semi-final), but dropped a set in doing so. Major A. H. Lowe reached the semi-final of the Singles before losing to the player whom Kingscote beat in the final. He also reached the final of the Doubles in partnership with J. O. Anderson, his late opponent in the Davis Cup. Here the two put up quite a good fight against Capt. P. O'Hara Wood and R. V. Thomas, who were the winners of the Doubles at Wimbledon where they beat Brookes and Patterson. Kingscote and Beamish survived to the semi-final where they likewise found O'Hara Wood and Thomas too good for them.

The Lady Champion at Home

ON the Riviera, Mlle. Lenglen, who carried all before her there six years ago, when she was only fourteen, is doing it again. In Singles she is, and seems likely to remain, invincible. Miss Ryan, with more practice, will probably succeed in getting more than one game in two sets against her, which was all she could do at her first essay, but I doubt whether she will ever get as near to her as she did at Wimbledon, where the French girl was still acclimatising her play to the grass surface, of which she had had no experience. On the Riviera she is at home; she lives at Nice, and learnt her game on hard courts. She has been beaten once—in the Mixed Doubles with P. Albarran, their conquerors being Miss Ryan and M. J. G. Ritchie, but on this occasion she was not feeling fit, and only consented to play in order not to disappoint the gallery. Ritchie and Miss Ryan played so well that the effort of withstanding them proved too great for her, and she suddenly collapsed at a critical stage of the second set. Ritchie, by the way, is also doing very well, and although the opposition has not been particularly strong, it is something for a player of his age to go through two open Singles in consecutive weeks without losing a set.



Photograph *L.N.A.*

PURLEY BURY'S BIG FOUR

Who are favourites for the inter-club competition on hard courts promoted by the Surrey County L.T.A. They reached the final recently at the expense of the Norwood Club, whom they beat easily. Left to right: W. A. Ingram, M. R. L. White, A. D. Prebble, P. J. Oakley

GAMES AND PASTIMES (continued)

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The Latest Thing in "Splits"

THERE is likely to be another "split" in the Association football world, but this time it will be a split, if it comes off, of which people who mainly matter will approve. The International Federation of Association Football, before the War, included the players of the Central Powers, so, of course, the first thing that had to be done after it was over was to kick them out—just as the Central Powers were kicked out from the International Lawn Tennis Federation. But there were difficulties. Some of the neutral nations—the Danish, Finnish, Norwegian, and Swedish Associations, to wit—did not want them kicked out. They decided to "maintain their right to continue connection with all countries." The Italian Association—strange to relate—also expressed its willingness to resume relations with all countries, including the Central Empires. Whereupon the four Associations of Great Britain and those of France, Belgium, and Luxembourg rose in their wrath. They were not, they said, going to have anything to do with the Associations of the Central Empires, and, what is more, they don't want to have anything to do with Associations that have relations with them. They are, accordingly, proposing to withdraw from the International Federation and form a new one of their own, and put up a notice to say that no German Austrian, or Hungarian need apply, and I am sure we shall all wish them luck.

Photograph *Sport and General*

J. C. DIXON (Finchley Harriers)

Winner of the Essex Cross-country Championship recently held at Prettlewell, near Southend. He appears to be taking things fairly easily in the picture, but as a matter of fact he was hunted home rather closely at the finish by W. M. Jarvis (Woolwich Polytechnic), who was only 5 seconds behind him

The Neutral Position

BUT I think that they are perhaps going a little too far in saying that they will have nothing to do with nations that have relations with our late enemies. It seems to me somewhat high-handed to say to an ex-neutral nation: "Although we have been friends hitherto, and you have been friends with the Central Powers, you must now give up their friendship if you want to retain ours." Nor can I see any objection to a country, let us say Switzerland, allowing its players to compete against Germans and against Englishmen, provided the

(*Continued on p. 320*)

"*Health is the first good lent to man*"
—HERRICK

24 hours' Worth of Life

Can you do eight hours' real hard work and enjoy it? Could you enjoy eight hours' recreation and follow it with eight hours' sound sleep? Thousands of men and women who get twenty-four hours' worth of life out of each day owe it to the simple practice of taking—first thing every morning—a glass of water with a dash of

ENO's FRUIT SALT

Get *this* Bottle from your Chemist to-day

The words "Fruit Salt" are our registered Trade Mark, and have been known for half a century to mean the preparation of J. C. ENO, Ltd., and no other. It is often referred to shortly as ENO.

KNOWN AND SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD FOR HALF A CENTURY

Made only by
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THE ESTABLISHED FACT

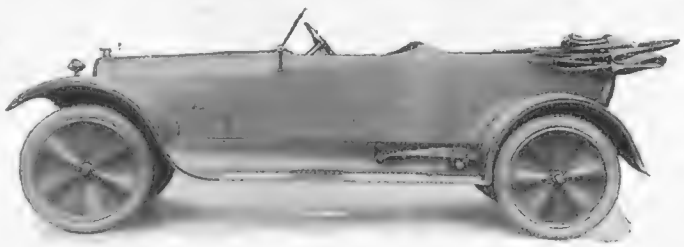
The Brief History of a great British Industrial enterprise and the birth of an important National achievement.

IF you investigate any great industrial accomplishment, trace it to its source, you will find that it was mostly born of sheer necessity. Many notable achievements have been conceived by brilliant brains and relinquished half completed, but herein is a brief story of one of the greatest propositions man ever imagined, undertaken with courage and conviction, and carried through with unmistakable precision and success.

Progress makes a fresh demand of man with the dawn of each day. Yesterday is ever vanishing to-day; and to-morrow continues to bring a higher water-mark of progress. It is necessary to do more than merely keep pace with progress of our competitors—we must anticipate their next move and then move first! Competition and progress are twins; they move together and with each advance a new opportunity is afforded for a new invention and another industrial accomplishment. The final word has not yet been said upon every subject; the last idea still remains to be developed in every branch of art, science or industry. The universe is continually demanding new methods, revised systems and better ways, and whenever these demands manifest themselves, almost simultaneously the germ idea of another fine achievement is hatched.

Some years before the war people looked wonderingly at the American car which was at that time invading our markets in vastly increasing numbers. It was then an established fact that America had succeeded in producing good motor-cars at prices which were in some cases less than half the cost of equal-power, equal-capacity cars of British manufacturers. The American invasion then started in deadly earnest, encouraged by the British public, who welcomed the moderately priced American product. The import very rapidly increased, unchecked by any form of legislative control. Then the question was heard: "Why can't Britain build cars like America, efficient but inexpensive?" That question remained unanswered right up to the date when war intervened. Nevertheless, the undeniable fact that America had beaten Britain at a typically British industry made its impression.

But leadership is only permanent until someone overtakes the leader, and so it was that Sir William Angus, Sanderson & Company, Ltd., determined not only to equal any American achievement in car production, but to set up a new standard, so much better that the laurels would once more come back to this country.



Angus-Sanderson

The Angus-Sanderson 14 h.p. De Luxe was the conception. It is to-day an established fact, and sheer necessity was responsible for its production—the necessity for us to produce cars not merely as well but better than America at the same price. The result achieved marks another milestone in the history of the motor-car industry.

Why is it then that one body can produce so much greater value for money than another? Why is it that the Angus-Sanderson is so high in quality and yet moderate in price? There's a reason. The reason lies purely in the great basic method which governs the entire manufacture of the car. It is the basis of specialisation. The same logic that argues the sense and economy of allocating the building of a battleship to numerous firms, one responsible for the hull, another for the engines, another for the armament, and still scores of others for the various and illimitable equipment therein, applies with equal measure of soundness to car production. Herein, then, lies the great basic secret of the Angus-Sanderson success. It is the combined result of several specialists in the building of component parts. The power unit, for example, is the best that Messrs. J. Tylor & Co., the engine specialists, of King's Cross and Southgate, can produce. The entire transmission unit, gear-box, back axle, etc., is produced by Messrs. E. G. Wrigley & Co., Ltd., of Birmingham. The electrical equipment is also undertaken by a separate firm, while the bodywork and general assembly of the complete car is in the hands of Sir William Angus, Sanderson & Co., Ltd., whose extensive new factory at Birtley, Durham, is one of the best equipped and most spacious factories for its particular purposes in the country.

The advantages accruing from the above system of production are numerous. To the general goodness of one product is concentrated the efforts of not only individual experts but *whole organisations* of experts in the production of various component parts. The soundness of design, the quality of material and workmanship thus incorporated into each part of the car is thus assured. The Angus-Sanderson car two years ago was merely a blue print proposition. Twelve months saw its tangible materialisation. The close of the war saw a thousand and one preliminary operations going ahead towards its projected production in numbers. The car made its bow to the industry, demonstrated its capabilities; won the immediate support of every expert, as well as the great and not-easy-to-convince element of trade dealers. To-day it is a soundly established fact—it is a popular car, with a popular name and popular price. It has successfully emerged from all the most stringent tests to which a car can and must be put. The public has put its O.K. to the Angus-Sanderson by absorbing its output for a long while to come, and although the output at the moment has been somewhat hindered by the moulders' strike, its manufacture in large quantities will go ahead in accordance with the plan already adopted and proved sound.

Sir Wm. Angus, Sanderson & Co Limited

BIRTLEY, CO. DURHAM

GAMES AND PASTIMES (concluded)

two sets of competitions are kept distinct. In the case of lawn tennis in Switzerland, last summer there were two entirely distinct sets of open tournaments held, one of which was open to players of the Central Powers, while the other was not, and the arrangement, as far as I have been able to ascertain, was a perfectly satisfactory one.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Surrey in Form

It is proverbial that county matches in Rugby football are rarely productive of first-class play. The reason of this is obvious; a county side, apart from the fact that it seldom represents the actual strength of a county, is nine times out of ten a scratch side, and usually plays like one. But sometimes it happens that a side settles down from the start and plays as if its members had been practising constantly together. It happened last week to Surrey when they encountered the Eastern Counties at Richmond, and beat them by 35 points to nil, after a really fine exhibition of back-play, in which three Sandhurst Cadets, J. R. B. Worton, A. R. Aslett, and W. M. Watson, with V. R. Price (Oxford) and V. G. Davies (Harlequins) were especially prominent. Worton and Price also play for the Harlequins, so that the men were more used to each other's play than is ordinarily the case in these matches.

Photograph *Daily Mirror*

SKI-AHOY!

This picture was taken in Norway, where sailing on skis is a favourite pastime. As may be imagined, a good deal of practice is necessary if one wishes to become really proficient.

A Plea for County "Rugger"

A display of this kind makes one regret that county "Rugger" is not more popular in the home counties than it is. In and around London, club "Rugger" is thought of more highly, and county matches are held in the middle of the week so as not to interfere with the club games on Saturdays. Yet one would think that the County Championship was worth going for, and that county matches, if properly organised and given more prominence, would serve as useful trial games for candidates for International honours. H. S. S.

LOTUS 175
Blk. glacé Kid
27/6

Lotus Shoes at Daniel Neal's

WE have always a good selection of Lotus Shoes to choose from. The Greek Court model illustrated above is a typical example. It is made from a fine quality black glacé kid with a walking pump sole. There are round about 500 pairs of this Lotus model on our shelves at the moment. The price is 27/6, which in these days is extremely moderate for a shoe of such high-grade quality and distinguished shape.

SAMPLE OFFER. If you are unable to call at one of our London fitting salons, we will willingly forward a sample of this shoe (or any other) for your inspection. Send an outline drawing of your stockinged feet and 6d. for postage. Also mention the size and fitting usually worn.

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& SONS LIMITED
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The HOME of the Austin

"TWENTY"

THE works of the Austin Motor Co., Ltd., at Longbridge, are the largest of their kind in the Empire, and cover an area of 53 acres. The whole estate belonging to the Company, which comprises a model village, hostels, flying ground, etc., is 287 acres in extent, and is ideally situated in the Birmingham area. The equipment for forging, stamping, machining, assembling and body building, is unique. Visitors from all over the world come to see the machine shops and great erecting bays, where the component parts are manufactured and assembled according to a methodical labour saving plan. The sales of the firm's products already booked amount to ten million pounds.

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and at PARIS and BRUSSELS

General Views of Austin Sidings and Machine and Erecting Shops at Longbridge.

By FIELD STREAM & COVERT

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

TROUT FISHING STARTED ON FEBRUARY 1, AND THIS REMARKABLE RETRIEVER GETS BUSY

Fine Pytchley Run

JANUARY will be remembered as a really good hunting month. In the majority of countries scarcely a day was lost by bad weather, and scenting conditions were a marked improvement on those experienced earlier in the season. Several packs were able to wind up the month with quite a blaze of good sport. The Pytchley, for example, did remarkably well after meeting at Catthorpe Towers last week. They were in the cream of their country in the Lilbowen and Crick district, and their hard-riding field had all the galloping and jumping they wanted in the course of a grand hunt of an hour and three-quarters from Swinford Old Covert. Hounds ran with fine dash and persistence, the pace at times being a real cracker. Finally they marked their fox to ground, and those who were out voted it the "best run of the season." As a matter of fact, the Pytchley had not previously had any really great runs, but they have shown good sport on most days, and Sir Charles Frederick has good reason to be satisfied with the results of his first season in the command.

Photograph *Central News*

A KEEN KENTISH SPORTSWOMAN

The Marchioness of Camden at a meet of the Eridge Foxhounds, at Eridge Green, near Tunbridge Wells

Filling the Gaps

I AM glad to observe that in spite of financial difficulties vacancies in Masterships are being satisfactorily filled. The announcement I made last week that Mrs. Fernie would go on in the command of her late husband's pack has been confirmed, and Mr. Harry Mills has been appointed to act as Field Master. This excellent arrangement appears to give general satisfaction to the hunting folk and farmers in the Market Harborough district. Then in the South Oxfordshire country an awkward financial dilemma has been relieved by the generous offer of Mr. Sydney A. Fane and Captain Ashton, of Scotsgrove, to hunt the pack on a guarantee of £1,200 per annum from the subscribers, which, of course, has been accepted.

A. W. C.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE HAMPSHIRE FOXHOUNDS MEET AT HACKWOOD PARK, BASINGSTOKE

Lady Cantelupe (centre) chatting to Capt. Llewellyn, with Master Jeffreys (on right)

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

A Great Jockey

ERNEST PIGGOTT is to National Hunt sport as "Brownie" Carslake was to flat-racing last season. The public have immense faith in the talent of both horsemen, and while they must inevitably have their share of losing mounts it is certain that their reputations are well deserved. During the winter I have seen Piggott win quite a number of races which the second horses would have secured had the jockeys been reversed. That reminds me of the story told of the famous rider, John Day. After winning a race for a noble lord, he was startled on meeting the owner to be told: "John Day, you are a thief!" "How so, my lord?" asked the jockey, turning pale. "You are," was the reply, "because you fairly stole that race!" Similarly Piggott has stolen many a race by his determined finishes. He is equally at home whether riding over hurdles or over the Grand National country. He is naturally hopeful of repeating last season's success at Aintree on Poethlyn. Anyway, backers of the favourite will rest assured that there is no better jockey riding in the race.

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

THE HON. AUBREY HASTINGS

Who rode and trained Captain J. Hilliard's "Crishna," winner of the Allies Steeplechase at the R.A.S.C. Meeting, Sandown

R.A.S.C. Success

THOSE who promoted the Royal Army Service Corps meeting at Sandown Park last week may be congratulated upon an all-round success. It was a Grand Military on a small scale. Fortunately, the weather was delightful, and the scene in the stands and in the paddock between the races was extremely animated. I thought that the average display of horsemanship on the part of the soldiers was quite as good as anything we saw in the old days.

Sandown Selections

WE look like having another interesting jumping meeting at Sandown Park at the week-end. A number of good performers are entered for the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase on Saturday, and I shall not be surprised to see GERALD L. win it in spite of the penalty he is called upon to carry. On the preceding day, GIRVAN seems to have a good chance in the Prince Albert Hurdle Race. I believe that this young horse is improving. TEMPLEBAR, who ran very well behind Crishna last week, may win the Stanley Cup for Lord Denman, whilst TRENTINO is my selection for the Epsom Steeplechase. Discussion on the spring handicap weights can be deferred until the acceptances appear.

A CHAMPION CROSS-COUNTRY RIDER

Ernest Piggott, who added to his good Aintree record by winning the Grand National on Poethlyn last year, expects to do the trick again next month

By "THE TOUT"

Wilhelm the Wanted

BY THE BYSTANDER BACK IN BERLIN

IF Wilhelm is Wilhelm the Wanted in England, and Wilhelm the Wanted also in Holland—should Holland refuse to give him up—he is Wilhelm the Wanted most of all in native Germany. Germany is Monarchist at heart. Even Republicans—though they falsely vow the contrary—want Wilhelm the Wanted back. Perhaps they don't want all Wilhelm's governmental ways. But Wilhelm himself, *Seiner Majestat,* Imperial smiles, Imperial shakes of the hands and twists of the moustache, decorations, advice to professors concerning Babylonian excavations! Those are wanted. Bismarck was right when in his *Gedanken und Erinnerungen* (around the third volume, which contains facts about Wilhelm, a fierce lawsuit is raging) he declared that Germans are a Monarchist crew; and to prove his point adduced the two-and-twenty dynasties.

ONE notices this the moment one arrives in Berlin. Of anti-Wilhelmian or anti-Hohenzollernian sentiment there is not a trace. Not even among Socialists. When the now Berlin Bystander reached Petrograd in March, 1917, two days after Russia's overturn, he found the whole nation wild with anti-Romanoffism. Romanoff insignia were torn down from all buildings, Romanoff statues were melted, newspapers daily published pages of fake revelations about Romanoff villainies and debaucheries, and "The Nightly Orgies of Rasputin with his Grand Duchesses" was the most popular play. One saw at once that relatively harmless Nicholas was not wanted. But Sweet Wilhelm? Not a word of abuse for him; a few words of pity; unwilling acknowledgment by severe critics that perhaps he was not a Bismarck or a Richelieu; and then—a general desire to have him comfortably back.

ROYALIST Berlin refuses to surrender any relic or remnant that recalls Wilhelm the Wanted. The Republican State is a shamefaced exception to this rule. With blushes—for it does not believe in Republicanism itself—it has put "State Porcelain Factory" instead of "Royal Porcelain Factory" over Wilhelm the Wanted's famous china shop in the Leipzigerstrasse; and it has scratched "Imperial" from the railway mail cars, without putting anything instead. But outside of official affairs, the cult of Wilhelm flourishes openly. Societies, charities, all sorts of organisations are still "Imperial" or "Royal"; and when you get a letter from an organisation asking for a subscription for Orphans of Naval Officers who were Not Killed in the War, you are sure to find on top that *Seiner Majestat der Kaiser* is patron; and after him come his *Hoheit* the Crown Prince, and after him Eitel Fritz, or Adalbert, or Heinrich, not to mention his *Hoheit* the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, who, in local proportions, is quite as fiercely wanted as Wilhelm himself.

OF course, the Court Purveyor by Special Appointment flourishes. That is good proof of Wilhelm's popularity; for Court Purveyors sport the royal arms merely to boom their goods. The Spartacist newspaper, *Rote Fahne* (which is probably itself sneakingly Royalist at heart), lately showed that every one of 719 Court Purveyors in Berlin still proudly displays Hohenzollern arms; and this not only on their long unredecorated shop-fronts, but on their brand-new letter-paper, printed months after Wilhelm the Wanted dwindled into double-Dutch obscurity. The Bystander-Back-in-Berlin has his furniture stored with a gentleman who still calls himself "Court Furniture Storer Gustav Knauer"; the B.-B.-in-B. buys his drinks from a *Hoflieferant* with thirteen German coats of arms on his letter-paper.

THE average Pruss is innocently dishonest about Wilhelm. He abuses the German-National Party for wanting Wilhelm back—that means, he warns you, a scrap with the Entente. But he adds that the German nation did not want any capsizing of Wilhelm in November, 1918. The Revolution was pushed through by a handful of men—mostly now Spartacists—who exploited the traditional passivity of the great amorphous mass. Before they knew where they were, disgusted Germans found that Wilhelm the Wanted had vanished, and, naturally, now they want Wilhelm the Wanted back.

BUT it's passive. Germans will never restore Wilhelm; but they'll let him restore himself. They're ready for it. The B.-B.-in-B. found that out this week on a farm near Frankfurt-on-Oder. The farmer began by telling the B.-B.-in-B. that he had a son who spent two years in an English prison-camp. "They treated him well?" asked the B.-B.-in-B. "Of course," said the farmer, "the English are a humane race; *they guaranteed their farmers a minimum price for wheat.* When we had the Kaiser we had wheat duties, and that was enough. Now we have maximum prices. For wheat I am allowed to charge only 130 per cent. more than in 1914; but my *Knecht* gets a wage 250 per cent. higher; I pay 800 per cent. higher for wood, and 1,500 per cent. higher for saddlery. You call that a Republic?" Asked by the B.-B.-in-B. whether he would fight to restore Wilhelm he said, "No; because fighting has already sent up the price of saddlery 1,500 per cent."

YES; it's passive. The great German majority will no more take action to restore Wilhelm the Wanted than it took action to get rid of him. But if any handful tries to restore him, as a handful got rid of him, then nobody'll resist; and Wilhelm the Wanted will be Wilhelm the Wondered-at once more

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A New Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

THERE are people who have laughed at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, but sooner or later they go there, and no one would object to his portrait-model being exhibited there, provided, of course, that it was placed in the right rooms and not in that underground chamber reserved for a particular class. Madame Tussaud's, in fact, is an institution unrivalled and standing alone. You could not imagine a London without it. Fifty more railway lines may undermine the Marylebone Road, but that long red building will assuredly remain for all time. Its history goes back to the eighteenth century, as Mr. John Tussaud tells us in his entertaining *Romance of Madame Tussaud's* (Odhams: 21*s.* net), when his ancestress, who had been working with one Christopher Curtius—a doctor who had taken to modelling in coloured wax and opened an exhibition—was forced to take impressions of the heads of victims of the French Revolution. It must have been a gruesome task, but Madame Tussaud was a great-hearted woman, and survived for more congenial work. When she brought her exhibition to England, such new models as were made were generally taken from men and women whose heads remained securely fastened to their shoulders. Mr. Tussaud writes simply and amusingly. Well-known people flit through his pages, sometimes in moods not altogether expected. But there is one bitter disappointment in store for the reader. Most of us have at one time or another wholeheartedly believed that a substantial reward awaits that brave man who will spend a night in the Chamber of Horrors. Alas! Mr. Tussaud puts an end for all time to any such belief.

MISS MARJORIE MOSS AND MONSIEUR GEORGES FONTANA

Who have been appearing at the Trocadero in an exhibition of dancing given before visitors to that restaurant. This was the first occasion on which these dancers had appeared in public outside the Grafton Dance Club

⁂ ⁂

THERE is a novel called *The Great Desire* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* net), by Alexander Black, which, in spite of its purely American setting, should please a large public in this country. Mr. Black writes compellingly well. There is something of the quaintness of W. J. Locke in his language and methods. He has the prettiest eye for character. His hero, Anson Grayle, who tells the story, is a hunchback, to whom the one thing that matters is what people really *want*. Coming with his sister to New York he endeavours to find an answer to this very big question. What, indeed, do people want? Most folk, I fancy, would be hard put to it to give an answer that would be more than half true. Anson comes into contact with all sorts and conditions of men. His two aunts have opposite ideas; the stout one is a darling who deserves a whole book to herself. Sarah, his sister, wants, I suppose, Rudley, who fights for us up in the air, and is by no means the gambling wastrel you imagine him to be. His friend Zorn is probably nearer to a satisfactory answer than anyone else in the book. Zorn, too, might well have a book to himself. Laura and the other women are searching, each in her own way. And there is a crook who gets his wrist smashed by the hunchback . . . Anson himself shows what a good chap he is by taking the place of a fit man at the uncongenial task of sewing on buttons. But the story does not matter so much. Here are all kinds of interesting folk, inimitably described, and you feel that Anson has obtained a good enough answer to his question when Laura and he decide for the future to do all their searching in harness.

⁂ ⁂

THERE was a time, about twenty years ago, when M. Clemenceau deserted politics for a while to write a novel. This is now published in an American translation. *The Strongest* (Nash: 7*s.* net) is a tale of French life which revolves round that great problem of power, a problem for ever changing on the surface, but never in its fundamental relations. In the old days there were kings and priests: to-day there are financiers. Who is the strongest? And will money and the power that it brings vanquish those older, more gracious possessions of which the poets once sang?

⁂ ⁂

THE Marquis de Puymaufray, after a wasted youth, finds true love. He is the real father of his friend Harlé's "daughter," Claudia, and on the death of her mother devotes his life to her well-being. But when huge wealth and enormous power come to this "captain of industry," Claudia accepts the new world which money has invented in preference to the finer, more idealistic life to which Puymaufray would bring her. He can do nothing except tell Harlé the truth. The new world has conquered. The story is powerfully dramatic, interpretive and quite simply told. It is a bitter commentary on contemporary "fashionable" life, but not too bitter. And it is not out of date.

Motoring & Aviation

OF course, the Scottish Motor Show did not lose any orders because of the ideas of other forms of traction power. It was rather the other way, as all the (motoring) clans fell over one another placing orders or swapping delivery dates for various cars. Glasgow, and the Kelvin Hall in particular, where the show is being held, was well filled both in regard to the exhibits and visitors. There are commercial vehicles being shown as well as the pleasure carriage, so those interested could combine pleasure and business without undue strain. Everything that was at Olympia is here, and one or two models in the American market, like the six-cylinder Haynes, that were not exhibited at the London show, are now to be seen. As the moulders' strike has postponed nearly all the British motor-car deliveries by about five to nine months, you can guess in what an unhappy state the motor-dealers are in. One of these agents told me that this year was a record in business and profit on paper, but he would be lucky if he did not have to mortgage his house to buy his dinner: because he could not deliver the orders he had to get his profit on the bargains in order to live. Even Crossleys, that were giving in September splendid deliveries of about fifty cars per week, have now petered out to almost nothing since December, because the strike had compelled them to close shop after shop up for want of castings.

* * *

WHICH reminds me that the new Willys-Overland-Crossley Company has nothing to do with nor in any way affects Crossley Motors, Ltd., as they are two separate and distinct firms, each making its own products, and beyond that a couple of the Crossley directors happen to sit on the Overland-Crossley board, there is no difference as regards the making of the famous R.F.C. Crossley cars as before the other project existed. Also, as certain grumbles have been heard in the distance about Crossley cars not being delivered in the top of running conditions, Mr. William Letts, the Crossley managing director, asks me to request all purchasers of Crossley cars to write to him if anything is amiss in any chassis delivered since September, as if it was bought through an authorised agent he will see that the seller puts it right, and if direct from Manchester or London he will put it right free of charge. This is the proper way to put an end to suggestions that "Crossleys aren't what they were, old chap," and similar talk, which is absolutely unwarranted. But, there, propaganda is top card these present days, and some fellows get peeved when they see deliveries of makes of cars they are not concerned with, while what they do business in themselves does not mature, and only words, fine good words, are given them instead.

* * *

EVERY car now has electric lighting equipment, which is all very nice and clean and "easy money"—if you know something about electricity. But, strange as it may appear, ninety-nine out of every hundred car-owners know precious little about it. Even the trade itself is mostly ignorant, and the time they take to find a "fault" in the connections, or discover that belt-drive to the dynamo does not really drive, but slips most of the time, is appalling, so the average garage is not much use if anything really goes wrong with the lighting set. I know most of the professional trial drivers, especially of the small cars, fix acetylene head-lamps if the run stands any chance of night falling upon them before its completion, because they do not like the risk of having any chance of electrical roadside repairs to do, not that there is any chance of a failure in one system more than the other, but purely of their general ignorance of electrical matters. Quite recently the "get-you-home" tickets or vouchers of the R.A.C. Associate have proved most useful in a number of cases of lighting troubles, as the official repairers have had to run the occupants of these cars to their destination in another car, which only shows that everybody who cannot personally manage to diagnose and repair what is wrong electrically had best join this membership, which provides this service for nothing. It also proves that the official repairers might also learn a bit more about the occasional weaknesses of electrical lighting outfits, so that they could deal with troubles of this nature at once, instead of having to leave it until the whole of their staff is available, which is not the case in the middle of the night, the time such mishaps usually occur. But, there, we shall all have to become expert electricians soon if we want to be able to motor, as the one unit for ignition, lighting, and starting is making great headway, and goodness only knows what may befall us if we cannot keep it in good working order. More study, as the one-line actor remarked when the author altered the script by a word. OLD HY.

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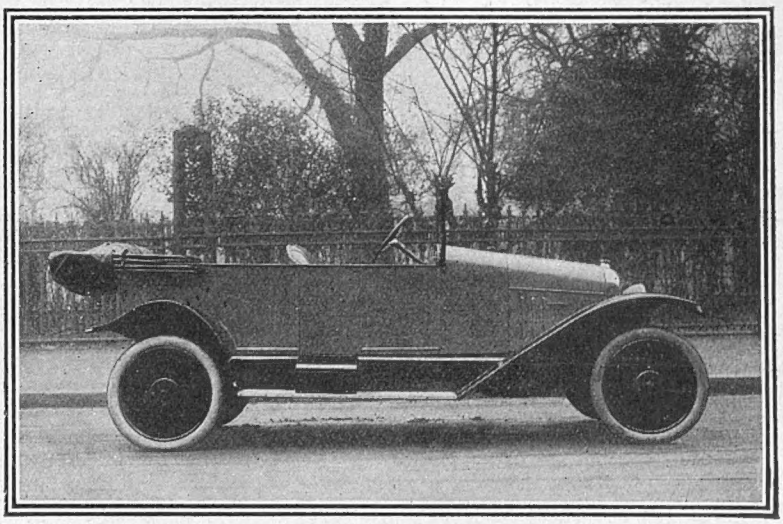

A 10-h.p. ANDRÉ CITROEN CAR

Showing the side view of a torpedo four-seater body